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A COBWEB GRABOOSE AT SPARROW BROOK.

THE Young Ladies' Missionary Meeting in Cloverfield is about closing one of its weekly sessions, and the girls are busy gathering up their various belongings prior to a departure for home; a perfect babel of chatter and laughter, meanwhile, succeeding to the business-like and dignified order of the meeting.

Maud Torbert, the president, is still standing by her desk, engaged in a very animated conversation with Daisy Banks, and judging from the various little serious whispers that pass between them, and the many exclamations of delight that escape from Maud at intervals, it would seem that something at once interesting and very important were being discussed. At last, in a little flutter of excitement, Maud wraps sharply on her desk with the end of her lead pencil, and in the immediate silence that ensues, says, speaking very quickly, and with great animation:

"Girls, if you have ten minutes to spare before going home, Daisy Banks has a project on hand that she would like to discuss with you. It is to be carried out for the benefit of our friends and co-workers at Sparrow Brook, and is for the glorious purpose of building an additional Library and Reading Room as near like our own as possible. Just think, Deacon Merrifield said he thought our new room was one of the most beautiful and comfortable of its kind he had ever seen, and if the girls and boys in Sparrow Brook could raise one-half the sum it

would cost to build one like it, he would cheerfully contribute the other half. Was not that complimentary to Cloverfield? Daisy has just heard of an entertainment that promises glorious results as a beginning, and has asked our assistance in its fulfillment. Knowing your generosity and magnanimity of old, I have taken the liberty of promising our aid without consulting you, and, now to go back to the beginning of this very long exhortation, can you spare us ten minutes to talk it over."

"Certainly!" "Delighted!" "When is it to be?" "What are we to do?" come the various acquiescences, as the audience gather round Maud and Daisy.

"O girls! you are awfully kind! I do not know how to thank you," begins the latter, apologetically, "but I do not think you will be sorry for this cob—"

"There, there, my dear," interrupts Maud, "no hurry, don't begin your interesting particulars until we are cozy and comfortable. Now then," as they group themselves confidentially near, "to business, and as a preliminary you may read a portion of that especially interesting letter you hold in your hand, and give us some few of the minor details you wish us to understand."

Daisy smiles in willing acquiescence, and, unfolding a rather voluminous-looking document, says:

"This letter is from a cousin of mine in Leavenworth, and, with your permission, I will skip all family matters of a

strictly private sense, and read only that portion that will interest us personally. She says: "The Thursday evening of last week was one of the happiest, I think, I have ever spent. We held an entertainment in our new chapel, for the benefit of the poor fund, and called it a Cobweb Graboose. It does not sound a bit more comical than it was interesting, and I was so thoroughly delighted with our success that I determined to write you all about it, for the reputation of Cloverfield and Sparrow Brook for these affairs is a very exalted one, and I know, of old, your cravings and thirstings after novel ideas and suggestions. Take my advice, and have one as near like it as possible. I can fully assure you that you will never repent it, and may the brilliant success that crowned our efforts crown yours also."

"The room in which we held our Graboose was quite a large one, to begin with, and we provided ourselves, in the first place, with a great quantity of yellow cord. We chose this color because it is bright and conspicuous; this we divided into as many lengths as we expected to have guests, some for ladies and some for gentlemen. On the one end of all these separate pieces of cord we tied gilded English walnuts, first prepared by being opened, their contents taken out, a slip of paper bearing a number corresponding with the number of the cord inserted, and tied together again with yellow daisy ribbon. With another separate lot of cord we formed an immense cobweb, placed in this a huge, stuffed, war-like looking spider, and hung it against the wall farthest from, and immediately facing, the entrance door. Into this cobweb we fastened irregularly the golden walnuts so that they hung conspicuously all over it, and then took the long cords attached, carried them along and festooned them as gracefully as possible, over any intervening picture, ornament, or gas jet that came in the way; taking care to keep the gentlemen's cords on one

side-wall, and the ladies on the other, and making them look like a perfect network of yellow cords, until they reached the end of the room nearest the entrance. Then we had ready the given quantity of clothes-pins, dressed very ridiculously as doll babies, every two of them having the same number worked on the ends of their sashes, and to the ends of our cords we fastened our grotesque dollies, and suspended them over every available spot, taking care that the numbers on the sashes on each side corresponded."

Here Daisy halts, for the twilight is getting too deep for her to see much longer.

"But that isn't all, is it?" says Marian Dale, breathlessly; "you have just come to the most interesting part. What do these little papers inside the nuts mean, and what are they to do with the dolls?"

"Daisy is quite right," interrupts Maud. "It would not do to give the whole synopsis this afternoon, and besides night is coming on very rapidly. Look at the clock. The ten minutes are up and past, so let us take time to sleep and dream over it a little before we appoint an afternoon in which we can meet the others and go more fully into all the more interesting details comprehensively and conclusively. All in favor of the Graboose and in favor of this plan, please raise their hands."

Of course, all hands go up in a shower of fingers, as they know Maud is in the right, but nevertheless there are several little exclamations of impatience and curiosity, and two or three of the girls make a rush for Daisy, in the hope of winning a few more ideas of enlightenment, but she is laughingly inexorable, even when Jennie Fielding declares that she don't believe she will be able to sleep a wink until she knows for certain what they are to do with all the funny clothes-pin dollies.

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The Sunday-school room of the new

Mount Zion Church which has been erected in Sparrow Brook since our last visit here, is rather a pretty room in its way, and much loving care and industry has been expended in its various attractions and decorations. A large walnut-framed blackboard hangs just back of the reading desk, and every Sunday this is ornamented in colored chalk with letters that form the golden rule of the Scripture lesson for the day. Over this hangs a large framed photograph of Mr. Speakwell, the pastor, and around the walls are beautiful colored lithographs illustrating Bible history, each the gift of some devoted member and each bearing its own valued associations. Deacon Merrifield, the superintendent, last Christmas presented the scholars with that large duplex rolling map that hangs in the east corner and every year bids fair to add to the attractiveness and usefulness of this children's Sunday home room, and it is here that the girls and boys have decided to hold their Cobweb Graboose.

The cards of admission, as usual, take their wide circuit round the country, and are also novelties in their way, being yellow in color, with a small black cobweb and spider in one corner, while these words below read:

Cobweb Graboose.

All flies admitted, none devoured, and but two sure of a prize. Admission, 25 cents.

Across the blackboard the young people have spread their great network of yellow cobweb cords, the little golden nuts shining all over its surface, while near the centre sits the most ingeniously contrived ferocious big black spider; even the fuzz on his back is represented, and his great eyes of black beads stand out alarmingly and threateningly.

All over the lower part of the two side walls, draping any convenient object that obstructs their way, come the cords attached to the nuts, laced and interlaced among the pictures, until near the

entrance door, where they form themselves on each side into groups of clothespins babies that hang and look as comically and interestingly grotesque as heart could desire. The tops of the pins form the heads and are sketched with pen and ink faces, with a tiny gown, entirely concealing them from the neck down and fastened round an imaginary waist with varied colored ribbon sashes, each bearing a mysterious number.

In the corner of the room under the big map, behind a small table, stands Will Barr, the proprietor of some huge sheets of foolscap. Each person on entering is obliged to register his or her name here and inscribe opposite to it any number they prefer up to a given numeral. It takes some little time to accomplish this, and the long row of eager, laughing faces waiting to take their turn as scribes diminishes very slowly, the more so as it is constantly augmented by some new set of comers.

The aids all wear yellow ribbon badges stuck through with an imitation fly pin, and a large yellow cotton portière is stretched across the doors that divide this main room from the smaller ones. This is guarded by two little pages with yellow neckties and vests, who hold down the sides and keep out curiosity seekers.

"Nine o'clock!" calls out Deacon Merrifield from the desk, "and although these good-natured flies seem to be amusing themselves pretty well as they are, it is my duty to announce that the programme for the evening is about to begin. The ladies then will please range themselves on the left side of the room, while the gentlemen will be kind enough to take their places on the right." After a general stampede and much confusion and laughter in getting fixed, the Deacon continues:

"As this is a Cobweb Graboose," with a strong accent on the second syllable, "we are all naturally supposed to grab for our rights; not indecorously, of

course, but with politeness and courtesy. You see all these little, artistic ladies laughing at us so comically from the wall there. Let each mark with his or her mind's eye, the one more beautiful than the rest, and at a given signal or clapping of my hands, let each, the ladies and gentleman keeping to their proper sides, take hold of the one they most desire, and holding fast to the cord to which she belongs, begin to unwind the same until the golden walnut at the end is reached.

"All ready, then, *one, two, three!*" he claps his hands loudly, and thereupon ensues such a rush for the poor defenseless clothes-pins, and such a scampering here and there, a running in and out, by the poor flies caught in the web, that, for a few moments chaos and confusion reign.

Only for a short time, however, for soon the gilded goals are reached, and the contestants stand, like victors in a race, their golden fruits in their hands.

"Now then," says the Deacon, holding up the sheets of paper with registered names and numbers, "it is our happy duty to find out which number occurs the most frequently on the ladies' and which the most often on the gentlemen's list, and choose these as our prize numbers. That all may see we suffer no partiality, these sheets are open to the inspection and research of all. Among the ladies we find the most frequent repetition of the number 23, and among the gentlemen that of 33. You may, therefore, each of you then open your golden nuts, and the persons holding these lucky numerals will be made happier and wiser than they are at present."

"But the dollies! What are we to do with them?" some one asks.

"Every one has his day," Deacon Merrifield smilingly answers, "and these little ladies will come in for their share of the festivities later on. What, not found yet?" he continues, running his eye narrowly over the industrious flies, as they

scan with eagerness and impatience the contents of their separate nuts. "Ah! I see such a very happy smile on the face of a small lady here to my left, and such a look of exultation in her eye that I am sure can alone belong to the fortunate possessor! Am I not right, Miss Mellowleaf?"

"Yes, yes! you are indeed, Deacon, and I am so delighted to find it here, in plain, plain numbers, twenty-three; but see for yourself," and Miss Mellowleaf comes forward, radiant with happiness.

But before she can reach the reading-desk, Mr. Springfield hastens to meet her, and, holding out his hand, exclaims:

"Two of us, two of us, Miss Mellowleaf, if you please; allow me to congratulate you, and, furthermore, to claim a little share in this glorious honor the Deacon is about to bestow; for, behold, I also am the fortunate possessor of thirty-three."

Amid a great clapping of hands and hearty applause, they finally reach Deacon Merrifield, who, with a great show of ceremony, hands Miss Mellowleaf a beautiful silk-embroidered shopping bag, and Mr. Springfield a very dainty, artistic-looking cigar case.

"Now for the dollies," he laughs, "their part is a rather important one, after all, for I am requested to announce that every gentleman will escort to supper the lady whose doll's sash bears the same number as his own."

This is indeed a happy surprise, and causes much merriment, and consultation among the flies; but great is the enthusiasm when it is ascertained that by a fortunate coincidence the two winners are also partners for refreshments.

Unanimous, of course, is the feeling that the two lucky ones must lead the march, and just as they take their places at its head, the two small pages draw aside the curtains, and announce:

"Hot buttered blue beans, please to come to supper."

MANITOU ISLAND.*

BY

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CHAPTER VII.

DURING the momentary lull which followed immediately upon the execution of Louis XVI, when Girondists, quivering with dismay and uncertainty, stood supine, watching the coalition of destructive agencies which had developed beyond their power of control, and Jacobins, exultant with the success of their attack upon the King, drew back a little, as a tiger gathers himself for a fiercer spring, one Jean Lecroix Irène, a surgeon of repute and a stubborn Royalist, came finally to the conclusion that France, and especially Paris, had ceased to be a desirable place of residence for one who entertained a pronounced affection for the murdered monarch, and also for the head upon his own shoulders. He thought the matter over first alone, and then, with closed doors and the watchful glances which men learn to cast about when they distrust the very air they breathe, he consulted with his family and took the vote, pro and con. The family consisted of Irène himself, his wife, a woman of noble blood, and his younger brother Pierre, a student from the Provinces and a man of no special strength. There were in addition two young children, boys of six and eight, but they, of course, were omitted from counsel.

With the material in hand Irène's determination, naturally, impressed itself as the result of the conference. His family fell into line and *con amore* voted for emigration. The initial move was to Havre, where Madame Irène had kindred; but when the political atmosphere grew blacker and more perturbed it was further decided that the family should

seek safety farther a-field. Somewhere about the year 1795, therefore, they came over to America, choosing South Carolina as a place of future abode, instinctively moved thereto by the French tone given to that State by the influx into it of Huguenots. To the self-exiled Frenchman it seemed that in South Carolina he might find a natural *habitat*, as though it were a sort of American annex to his mother country.

Fortune favored them and they settled in Charleston, where Irène's skill, and such means and reputation as he had brought with him, ere long enabled him to work himself into a lucrative practice. Pierre Irène, the brother, after a couple of ineffective years in Charleston, drifted away to Barbadoes, where he succeeded in establishing himself in the sugar trade.

To the original emigrant and his wife no progeny was born save the two sons brought with them from France. Of these Eugene, the elder in due course, adopted his father's profession and eventually succeeded to the paternal practice. He married a beautiful South Carolinian of French extraction, the daughter of a rice planter, and from the pair was descended the cerebral scientist, Jean-Marie Irène, who had charge of the asylum for the insane, situated near the village of Morley in a neighboring State.

The second son of the emigrant, called also Jean Lecroix, from accounts seemed small credit to either himself or his belongings. He was an impulsive, self-willed fellow, whose principal genius appeared to be for dissipation and for getting himself into trouble with the municipal

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authorities. Being a lovable man, with all, warm-hearted and affectionate in his disposition, the family bore with him for years and it was only when an ultimate, in the paternal opinion, had been reached in Charleston that he was quietly shipped as supercargo to Barbadoes, where Pierre Irène was instructed to keep him until his ways should be amended.

Whether that process was never satisfactorily accomplished, or Jean became reconciled to expatriation, is an open question; but certain it is that from the time he sailed away from the port of Charleston unto the day of his death, his family beheld him in the flesh no more. During the life of his parents intercourse, infrequent, it is true, owing to various reasons, was maintained, and at the death of Pierre Irène, which took place when his nephew had been under his charge a half-dozen years, there was talk of Jean's return, but it lapsed, as did the correspondence when in course of time and nature the exile's parents also joined the majority. The brothers, never very congenial in tastes or habits, drifted utterly apart, as will inevitably happen when thought, circumstances, and daily interests in no sort interplay. To the younger generation the fact that there was, or had been, a collateral kinsman settled in Barbadoes stood unsupplemented by aught additional in the shape of personal details.

In South Carolina the family had grown like a narrow-necked gourd; small at one end, bulging a little in the middle, and small again at the other end. That is, the centre generation could show more members than the one preceding it or the one following. As far as he knew, Jean Marie Irène, physician in charge of the Morley asylum, was the sole male representative of his name in America, a fact which to the maids and matrons of Morley and its environs, appeared to make it peculiarly incumbent upon Dr. Irène to marry. Of what use, they

argued, was it to distinguish a name, as Irène undoubtedly was distinguishing his, if there was to be no living representative when the Doctor should have been gathered to his fathers? Utterly trivial and unimportant families might pass away and not be missed, but distinction should be perpetuated in flesh as well as in spirit.

Heretofore the Doctor had proven himself unappreciative alike of the interest he evoked and of his own opportunities. He was innately courteous and responsive because of the Gallic suavity of his blood, and impersonally so because of intellectual absorption. Women with normal brains and rational action interested him far less than did their more unfortunate sisters, and as the popular desire was rather for the position of *personal* than *professional* charge, the Doctor's attitude toward the sex was felt to be discouraging.

Mrs. Colonel Sturgeon, a young married woman of the vicinity, voiced the general feminine sentiment in discussing the matter with a friend.

"It's doubtless charming, and would be a great triumph to interest a scientist," quoth she; "but if a woman has to go crazy to do it she's apt to pause and reflect before embarking on the enterprise. And reflection would be bound to result in no embarkation. It's a real pity, too, for the Doctor would make a capital husband. He's so quiet and absorbed he'd let a woman run her house to suit herself and never dream of meddling."

The friend, a middle-aged woman, the wife of the clergyman of Morley, smiled as she glanced up from her sewing.

"Is that your idea of marital perfection?" she questioned.

"Not altogether. But absorption, within bounds, is no bad thing. A fussy man about a house is as disconcerting as a glycerine cartridge—one always feels on the verge of an explosion. Irène would never do that. He has too much

respect for mental equipoise. It's a shame he should be so hard to captivate. I want to see him in love—foolishly in love, like other people.”

Mrs. Gale, the clergyman's wife, looked quizzical.

“How about his reputation as a specialist,” she queried. “When he quits the brain for the heart there will be great disturbance in the scientific world, and all the *medicos* will grow panicky with the necessity for readjustments. I'm not sure but a convention will have to be called to vote resolutions and inaugurate discussions. Jestings aside, however, you may see him in love yet, my dear. Why not? He's only a man after all, and to every man born of woman shall come his appointed love-season. But you'll never see him foolish. Jean Irène isn't built for folly.”

“That remains to be proven,” Mrs. Sturgeon declared. “A man in love can't help being foolish. And he oughtn't to try. It's a swindle of the onlookers. But I don't believe Dr. Irène has any appointed time. Or else it's over. He's past his first youth, you know, and was before he came here. He must be every day of thirty-eight years old, and only two of those years have been passed at Morley. Yes, by his brutal insensibility to our charms, I'm driven to the conclusion that the Doctor's romance time is over and that from this time forth he's going to perch on an intellectual altitude and bid a proud defiance to love and ladies.”

“That may be,” acquiesced the other, “only I maintain that, should Irène's love-time be still in the future, he'll come out strong. He'll love like a mediæval knight rather than a nineteenth-century gentleman. You mark my words.”

“I will if I get a chance,” the other matron declared, “but I don't believe there's a woman in Morley capable of giving me opportunity for observation.”

In that conclusion, however, she was mistaken.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAN, big with self-derived intelligence, takes counsel with his own spirit and lays down laws anent the course his life shall take, holding himself, unconsciously, as a god whose decrees shall be immutable. And nature, unhesitating, unrelenting in her endless work of construction and demolition smiles as an adult will smile over the dictums of a child, and quietly brings about a set of circumstances which force him to eat his own words, nullify his own acts, contradict his own conclusions and recognize, with meekness be it hoped, the fact that there is no such thing as fixity possible in time or probable in eternity.

Dr. Jean-Marie Irène, steeped to the eyelids in science and given over, brain and soul, to search into the arcana of things, had come to Morley in pursuance of an existence clearly and sharply mapped out for himself. He had made the demarcations and boundaries of work and investigation painfully distinct, and balanced the possibilities against the limitations of mental development and research with the nicety and dogmatism of a theorist. All else he had relegated to the limbo of the undesirable and set down as unexplorable country given over to prodigies and illusions, and rendered alluring chiefly by creations of the imagination.

Domesticity and all the emotional fluctuations which precede it, he consciously and with intention determined to eschew. Such vagaries might make satisfying the lives of the uninitiated, but for those who had access to the sanctuary of the temple of knowledge they must be as unprofitable dalliance by the wayside when the body is girded for a long journey.

This attitude of mind over which doubtless love and nature rejoiced while

they bestirred themselves for its overthrow, lasted Irène exactly one year, during which time he made the acquaintance of most of the inhabitants of Morley, sane and insane, and drifted into friendship and intimacy with Robin Hutter. Then, unwittingly to himself, along the horizon of his life, a faint glow, like the far-off reflection of light, began to turn the atmosphere rose-color, as with the on-coming of celestial dawn.

And the beginning of it all—to follow Irène's own precedent of tracking things to their inception—was in this wise.

Across from the home buildings at Manningham, over in the direction of the swamp lay an unused field which with time and neglect had gradually become overgrown and reduced to the forlornness of a pine barren. The acreage was large and at one time the field had been accounted fairish soil, although never of the best for agricultural purposes from its tendency to put up in scrub the moment it was left to itself. The land was rolling, lifting itself into knolls and then sinking gradually into hollows, never very deep and rather in effect like the eddyings and uprisings in a caldron when the liquid it contains approaches boiling point.

The growth which covered the field with some density was of the scrubby sort indigenous to run-down lands at the South, and known as "old-field pines." None of the trees were lofty, even with twelve or fifteen years' growth, and they stood close in places, and branched low, interlocking and well-nigh throttling one another. On most of the trees the lower limbs, from lack of breath and space, were sere and brown, dead, for the most part, and, giving, with their verdant tops, to an observer pretty much the same sort of shock which is given by the sight of paralyzed limbs surmounted by a vividly living face. The earth beneath was covered thick with pine-needles, which

yielded softly to the tread and gave out an alluringly fragrant odor.

Throughout the eerie grove there was stillness, and a strange, mysterious charm which had in it nothing suggestive of the feeling of exaltation produced on the imagination by the cathedral effects of a real pine forest, and yet in its own way was distinctly dominating. It was the domination of sadness, waste, and decay, powerful, in a sort stimulating, and yet to be avoided.

Such as the place was it became the favorite resort of Mrs. Robin Hutter after the physical break-down consequent, it was thought, upon the distress and anxiety attendant on the accident to her little son and the loss of her infant. She was a loving-hearted woman, enthusiastic in temperament and given to allowing herself to become absorbed in whatever she might have in hand, particularly if the work should have direct reference to an object of her affection. She was anxious natured also, and ill-regulated in her anxiety, having no realization of the importance of checks and balances, or the necessity for equipose. To use a pithy old adage, she always "crossed her bridges before she came to them," and in imagination endured a threatened trouble many times over before she was called upon to brace up to meet the reality. The family poverty weighed upon her, as did the knowledge that the misfortunes had been inaugurated in a measure by her own father, and the constant girding against the existing state of things indulged in by her young brother, who was as dear to her as her husband or her one living child. Not that Trigg was an habitual grumbler, far from it. He kept his thoughts and ambitions pretty much to himself, and beyond an occasional fierce fling at fortune, endured stolidly. But his atmosphere was perturbed and rebellious, and his sister, loving him, felt it, and under its influence her mood

slowly darkened, trembled, and grew sombre, as will water when a storm broods and lowers in the atmosphere. Love-driven, she laid her slender strength to the wheel, trying her poor best to aid its cumbered revolutions and hiding her efforts jealously, lest the pride of husband or brother should be wounded.

A disposition of this sort set amid surroundings such as encompassed the life of Mabel Hutter is peculiarly unfortunate when there is in a family an hereditary predisposition to mania.

The approach of mental malady is so insidious that the initial symptoms usually pass unnoticed, even affection, keen-sighted as the *Ceryle Alcyon* when at length aroused, being blinded by habitude. Allowances are nearly always made in wrong places, and people are tender and patient with "nervous depression" and "infirmities of temper" when they should be up and doing to eradicate germs of disease. When Mrs. Hutter's physical infirmities began to interact with her mental conditions, making her irascible and difficult, her husband and sister-in-law, out of deep love, were tender and considerate with her, but they failed to recognize that mind and body were playing recklessly into the hand of disease, or to remember as significant the fact that three of her ancestors, in different generations, had died in mad-houses. When its usefulness as warning was past, memory of the fact came to them, quickened into pregnancy by the importance which it assumed in the eyes of Dr. Irène.

Realization of how matters stood with her sister-in-law was thrust upon Anna Hutter one afternoon in the October following Irène's installation at the asylum. Trigg Bartram had been away in a distant city for something like two years, striving to make of his energy and discontent levers to hoist himself into better conditions. Little Ned's trouble, too, was old, accepted as a thing beyond remedy and to be endured as best they

might. Hutter had secured for him a stout wagon, constructed after an idea of his own, which afforded at once comfort and support, and a little negro boy, a son of the woman who had been Ned's nurse, to be in constant attendance. His mother kept him with her most of the time, and when she would wander about in the pine-barren would make Shandy draw the little wagon after her. Most of the cares of the household had devolved upon Anna during her sister's illness.

The girl stood on the veranda, leaning against one of the columns. She was alone in the house, for it was early in the afternoon and her brother's classes usually detained him until much later at that season of the year. Mrs. Hutter and the children, little Ned and his attendant, were out walking. The Doctor, not Irène, but the family physician, had recommended them to keep the child as much as possible in the open air. They hoped also that it would be beneficial to Mabel.

The light in Anna's eyes was happy and her attitude bespoke content, for there had been letters that day from Trigg written in more hopeful vein and hinting at a possible visit home. The atmosphere showed the approach of Indian summer in long, languid distances and a purple tremulousness of haze. The roses around the veranda were in the glory of autumn blooming. A long, trailing branch, rich with salmon-hearted beauties, lay against the column above the girl's head, and, swaying gently with the breeze, cast vagrant shadows on her hair and garments. Out on the grass a peacock stutted to and fro with his tail unfurled and his beautiful neck thrown proudly back so that his crested head and the glorious blue of his breast might show out bravely against the royal richness of purple, green, and bronze of the tail plumage. The golden sunshine enfolded him, bringing out exquisite shadings as the creature moved, and glinting here and there about him with marvelous, jewel-like effects.

Anna watched the bird's manoeuvres, singing softly the while in an undertone, the musical impulse doubtless evoked by the chromatic harmonies whereon her eyes rested.

After a moment her attention was arrested by the sound of hurrying feet, speeding through the house, as though in search, and the quick opening of doors.

She turned her head and called, not frightened, but a trifle anxious, because little Ned was still subject to sudden spells of acute, almost dangerous suffering, and the hurrying feet were naked and those of a child. The idea flashed through her mind that Ned was ill and her sister had sent Shandy to the house for assistance; she hastened in to meet him and learn the truth.

In the hall she encountered the messenger, almost ran against him, in fact. The boy's countenance had taken on that ashy look which terror or sickness always brings to a black face, his eyes were wide with eagerness and alarm, and his breath came in panting sobs, as though from heavy running. At first Anna could not make out what was wrong; the boy's words were so disjointed, but when his meaning broke on her she caught at her side, as one who feels a sudden pang, and paled, with a gray pallor like that of a three-days' corpse. In an instant, however, she had rallied and issued an order, clear and sharp—Shandy must get a horse and go for her brother and a doctor at once. If there should be no horse in the stable he must run to the village on foot—not a moment was to be lost. He must bring the first doctor he saw—any would do; only he must hasten.

Then she dashed out of the house and took her way toward the pine-barren; running with her arms clasped close to her sides and her head forward, steadily, and very fast.

CHAPTER IX.

In the stable, fortunately, there was a

horse belonging to one of the tenants, a raw-boned brute, but tractable and fleet of foot, which Shandy, troubled by no ceremonious instincts, bridled at once and mounted bare-back. The owner lived a good half-mile away and there was no time for formalities. Digging his naked heels into the horse's sides, therefore, and urging him forward with voice and gesture, the messenger sped away, his black eyes shining with excitement and his thick lips fairly quivering with the sentences which were to carry grief and consternation to the heart of his employer. The strange exultation over misfortune peculiar to his race dominated him and all his dramatic instincts were in full play.

About half-way to the village Shandy discovered, ahead of him, Dr. Irène, also on horseback, traveling in the opposite direction from Manningham and going at a sharp trot. Here was an opportunity not to be lost, and, mindful of his instructions, the child urged forward his steed, at the same time raising his voice in a wild halloo to attract the Doctor's attention.

Hearing the call, Irène pulled up and waited, half-turning Salome to discover the occasion of the tumult. When the bare-back messenger, hatless and well-nigh breathless, ranged alongside he was ready at once with his questions.

"What's the matter? Where is it?"

Shandy gasped and pointed backward, over his shoulder.

"Out yonder! At Mannin'ham—Mars Robin Hutter's," he explained. "Miss Anna sent me. She's in a mighty hurry. She tole me to git de fust doctor I see'd—an' dat's you. I'm gwine arter Mars Robin. Miss Anna say you'll mus' hurry, please, sar."

"What's the matter? Is Ned sick?"

"No, sar. 'Taint nothin' de matter wid Ned—more'n he's skeer'd. 'Tis Miss Mabel. She done gone plump crazy down dar in de piney-woods, she is!

Jumpin' 'bout an' dancin' down dar, same as er hummin' top. Ned an' me, we was skeer'd 'een-er-mos' to de f' an' I clipped it up to de house an' told Miss Anna. We-all couldn't do nothin' 'tall wid Miss Mabel no more'n babies."

"Crazy! Mrs. Hutter? What do you mean?"

"Dat. She's crazy—Miss Mabel is. Dat's de truf—God A'mighty knows 'tis! Miss Anna, she gone down dar by herse'f. She was runnin' same as er kill-dee when I come 'way."

Having realized that there was something terribly amiss at Manningham and that instant help was needed, also that whatever it might be had occurred, or was occurring, in the pine-barren, Irène wasted no more time in questions. Bidding the boy do the rest of his errand quickly, he touched Salome with the spur and sent her across country, straight as the crow flies, taking fields and fences as they came, and only drawing rein when he found himself on the confines of the barren. Here, for a second, he was at fault; but skirting about he came upon a path, or rather trail through the *chaparral* into which he turned Salome, hoping that it might lead him aright.

The branches grew low and thrust spiny arms across the path, so that he had to bend in the saddle to avoid them: the tread of the animal smote dull and monotonous on the hard ground: the afternoon sunshine penetrated the trees and lay in irregular patches on the dark earth like gold embroidery on brown samite.

A little further into the woods, the horse laid back her sensitive ears and snorted, making as though she would start and turn aside. Close at hand the land dipped, slipping into a long depression. Irène leaned sideways in the saddle and sought to penetrate the bushes with his glance. In a moment he caught that which had already become perceptible to the keener faculties of the horse—a rust-

ling among the undergrowth and the breaking of dry twigs as though some one were making his way slowly through the *chaparral*. He waited, and in a moment the small misshapen figure of little Ned Hutter hobbled into view. He was helping himself painfully with his crutches, and his thin, intelligent face was pale with anxiety and exertion. Irène dismounted at once, and pressed forward to meet him.

"What is it, Ned?" he questioned, speaking gently, for he could see the child was terribly unstrung and almost crying. "Where are they? Which way must I go?"

The boy leaned heavily on one crutch so as to free a hand for pointing.

"Down there," he answered, indicating the direction. "Aunt Anna is there, but mamma don't notice her. She's so strange that it scares me almost to death. She isn't like herself at all! Aunt Anna sent me away."

His lips trembled and his big, weary eyes filled with tears; the thin face worked pathetically. Irène spoke soothing words while he fastened Salome's bridle. Then he turned into the wood, taking the direction from which the boy had come. It would be better to steal near on foot. Stratagem might be necessary, and caution.

Parting the bushes with his hands, he proceeded for several rods without discovering anything. Then he came to a place where the hollow widened and the thicket was less dense. The trees were taller, too, and stood apart, and the ground was unobstructed by stones. A few steps farther it cupped, making a sort of little amphitheatre into which the sunshine poured like an illumination.

In the middle of the open space a woman was gesticulating and throwing herself into attitudes. She moved here and there, as though rehearsing a part, and declaimed to herself in a high, unnatural voice. She had taken off her shoes and

sained her stockings, in imitation of slippers, with the red juice of a poisonous swamp berry: the effect was ghastly, as though she had stepped in blood. She had removed her dark dress also, and stood in her petticoats, with her naked arms and shoulders gleaming white and thin amid the fallen masses of her hair. A wreath of pine and juniper twigs crowned her and a handful of glowing marsh flowers lay against her white breast. Her eyes were blazing with excitement, her bosom rose and fell hurriedly, and on her thin cheeks burned spots of crimson.

Irène took in the situation at a glance and advanced instantly to where Anna Hutter stood, vainly trying to attract her sister-in-law's attention.

"How long has she been like this?" he questioned.

"I don't know," she answered miserably. "Shandy come to the house half an hour ago and told me. I came at once; but I can do nothing with her."

"Have you touched her?"

The girl made an affirmative gesture, and shrank a little, as though in pain.

"That was a mistake."

"Yes. It was when I first came. I went to her at once, but she fought me off. She cried out that she must work for all of us, and that I hindered her. Ned was crying and frightened and I sent him to the house. Something must be done, but I can't think what," then, with a change of voice, "Oh! thank God! thank God that you have come!"

The tears rushed to her eyes and she turned her pallid face to him with an imploring entreaty, an absolute trust, and the dawning of a mighty thankfulness. Irène's pulses stirred with a thrill as though wine were in his veins, and in that instant Anna Hutter stepped forth from the ranks of general womanhood and made for herself a personality in his life. As soul recognizes soul, even when

afar off, there fell upon him a dim foreshadowing of that which might be; his eyes responded to her entreaty with a glance of steady reassurance, and he said, quietly:

"You needed me and I am here. I have come to help you."

Then he turned from her to the mad woman.

The poor creature's mood had changed; she had ceased declaiming and stood motionless, with clasped hands, looking into space. Her brow was drawn and furrowed with anxiety, and she talked to herself in disjointed sentences. From her words they gathered that she was still dominated by the old fear, the old desire. If she did not work hard, work continuously the family would suffer; if she should fail to make money, Robin could not meet the interest, and Manningham must go. That would break Robin's heart, and Anna's; there would be nothing for Ned—poor little Ned who could never help himself. His mother must work to keep her boy from being a pauper. Then they gathered that some words of Trigg's had hung in her mind and were adapting themselves to a jangled accompaniment of ideas.

He had spoken before her once of the sums which Adelina Patti made, and Modjeska, and Mary Anderson—thousands and thousands a week, he had said. And the poor creature in her mania seemed to herself capable of doing it too. There in the pine barren she was rehearsing, striving to please imaginary managers so as to secure an engagement to make money for those she loved. Even as they watched her with aching hearts she began again, singing this time with a sweet, strained voice, and using gestures and poses, the grace of which would have been enthralling but for the underlying pathos of it all, the terrible, omnipresent tragedy.

Anna's face was white to the lips; she moaned under her breath and uncon-

sciously extended her arms as though to take her sister to her breast.

Irène glanced from one to the other. His professional instinct divined the necessity for lessening, not increasing emotion. In her present state Anna would be worse than useless to him. What he had to do was to humor the patient's delusion and bring her under the control of his will.

"Go away," he ordered; "she doesn't know me and I can manage better by myself. A stranger always can. You would only excite her more. Ned is up yonder with my horse. She is gentle and leads well. Put the boy on her and go on to the house. Intercept your brother, if possible, and keep him and everybody

Mrs. Hutter is familiar with out of the way. I'll humor her and get her home by degrees. I'm used to cases of this sort."

He spoke with decision, and issued his directions like an officer giving orders to a subaltern. Anna hesitated an instant and flashed a look at him.

"You will be gentle?" she said. "You won't hurt or frighten her?"

He smiled.

"You may trust me," he answered. "My tenderness with her shall equal your own. About this case I know best and must be obeyed. Go at once."

Without another protest or a single distrustful backward glance she yielded to his authority and left him alone with his patient.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPIRIT OF FAIRNESS. Most of the vexed question of the day and many of the problems which tax the ingenuity of statesmen, reformers, and philanthropists would be solved at once and without trouble were all men imbued with the spirit of fairness. There is a difference between possessing a quality and being penetrated by the spirit of that quality. A man may, for example, be affectionate; he may love his family and his friends, and cling to them closely. But, if he be imbued with the spirit of love, he will feel and do more than this. His heart will overflow with kind thoughts and loving purposes to all around him, and he will long intensely that the same spirit should animate others. It is not merely a sense of duty governing the conduct; it is a glowing, fervent, and unconquerable enthusiasm pervading the heart and soul and controlling the life.

FEELING. In some quarters feeling is

thought to be a weakness and an antagonist to courage and firmness. Where this notion prevails all idea of its culture will of course be abandoned. There are not a few boys who absorb this opinion, and are actually ashamed of their own honest love for their mother and family, and feign indifference through the fear of ridicule. Surely they should be led to see that, so far from this being a sign of courage, it is the veriest cowardice! If it is brave to be true to one's own convictions, it is equally so to be true to one's affections.

It is one of the maxims of Francis de Sales—and good men and women in all lands might well adopt it as their motto—that "a judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

MANLINESS can never afford to do without tenderness; nor can the feelings be outraged with impunity.

THE GYPSY DOCTOR OF COLORADO.

AMONG the singular characters which it has been my fortune to meet in the far West is the Gypsy Doctor of Colorado Springs, who is certainly the most weird and unaccountable specimen of humanity that I have ever encountered.

I was stopping for a few weeks at this famous health resort with an invalid friend who came, like hundreds of others, in the hope of acquiring strength in this beautiful city, which lies like an earthly paradise at the foot of the famous Rockies, with Pike's Peak looming up in the distance, above and beyond the lesser summits, like some superior monument of Nature's grandeur towering above a thousand others, while the city, with its lofty spires, shady parks, and sparkling fountains, seems inviting the sick and the suffering to its restful shades with a voice that says to the weak and the weary, "Come, rest and be healed."

I was passing through the hall on the evening after my arrival when I met a woman apparently about thirty-five years of age, with a sociable looking face, dark complexion, keen, steel-gray eyes, dark-brown hair, and a figure decidedly plump.

She was well dressed, and had a quick, energetic step for one of an apparently lymphatic temperament.

She looked at me with an evident inclination to speak, and our landlady, passing at that moment, explained that we were fellow guests, occupying rooms upon the same floor.

I did not know that she went by the name of the Gypsy Doctor, and learning that my friend was an invalid, she invited me to her room and showed me a diploma and certificate entitling her to practice in the States of Missouri and Arkansas.

Her diploma was a well-authenticated document from the Medical Hospital College of Kansas City, and her conversation revealed the fact that she was an intelligent and an educated woman. A little girl of nine years, who, she informed me, was her daughter, occupied the room with her.

She was very communicative in regard to herself, and informed me that she was a self-made woman, that her earliest recollection was of being with a band of gypsies in Northern Michigan, that she had been stolen by them when an infant, had been taken from them by the county authorities and placed in a family, had rocked the cradle for one woman in payment for teaching her to read, washed for another in return for instruction in music, and from one step to another, homeless, friendless, and nameless though she was, had worked her way up to her present standing.

It seemed so much for a girl to accomplish unaided and alone, confirmed as it was by her diploma and certificates, that I could not help admiring the wonderful heroism that had borne her through it all.

In testing her medical skill, I referred to a case of a person at that moment not less than one hundred miles away, and whom I am quite certain she had never seen and of whom she had never heard. I had not spoken a dozen words when a peculiar expression came over her dark features, and a strange look into the steely eyes, and with a flush of clairvoyant sight (I knew not what else to call it) she described the person and his peculiarities, also the disease.

I was startled and astonished. I became interested in this strange creature. She promised to cure my friend, and gave

a diagnosis of the case in language that satisfied me that she was a learned woman at least.

Then I heard strange whisperings concerning her, rumors of uncanny doings and things not consistent with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and I was warned not to have any dealings with this weird-like creature.

She represented two distinct characters and seemed to be equally at home in both. At one moment she was the intelligent physician, learnedly discussing upon vital questions of the hour, the next she had degenerated into a mere gypsy fortune-teller, uttering the heathenish incantations of the age of Voodooism.

I can compare her to nothing save a tree, one side of which has been engrafted with some better kind, and bears the fruit of skillful cultivation, while the other brings forth only the hard and bitter products of its natural state.

Why one educated in this enlightened age, capable of occupying a place among the refined and intelligent of the land, should voluntarily descend to these heathenish practices, stoop to the level of a gypsy fortune-teller, finding customers and associates among the low, vicious, and superstitious, was a mystery for which I could account in no way, save that there was real gypsy blood in her veins, which, like a strata of coarser mineral intersecting a mine of gold, or a portion of oil in a glass of water, will not unite, but continue to exhibit its own distinctive characteristic. Her loftier qualities I admired, her lower inclinations I would not countenance, and since they were inseparably though distinctively united in the same person I resolved to let her alone.

There is a wild place of resort about four miles from the city, called Cheyenne cañon, which is frequented by hundreds of sight-seers, and one morning I went to see what new features of mountain the place might present.

It is wild and romantic enough at first sight to satisfy the ordinary curiosity of mankind, with lofty peaks rising upon either side like forbidding barriers to the land beyond, and the cañon opening like a narrow gateway between the towering heights that shut it in, but I am never satisfied with a cursory view of a scene like that. I want to wander into deeper wildness, and explore the mysteries that lie hidden from the careless eyes, and bring specimens from inner crevices from which no other hand has gathered them.

With this intent I started up the cañon and proceeded leisurely along with a satisfactory feeling of being alone with Nature, and at liberty to study her wildest forms in accordance with my own moods.

I had proceeded to quite a distance, finding new wonders at every point of the winding way, when suddenly a step at my side arrested my attention, and I looked up to encounter the gaze of the Gypsy Doctor.

Startled and displeased, I was about to speak, but before I could utter a word, she said, with that weird expression that she assumed at such times:

"Go back! retrace your steps at once or you will encounter unexpected danger."

"Madam," I said, drawing a small revolver from its place of concealment, "you cannot practice your heathenish devices upon me; reserve your arts for the entertainment of the ignorant and superstitious among whom you find your patronage, but remember that I am not without the means of self-protection, and let any one who attempts to molest me beware. I come here to see and to learn what I can from these rocky recesses, and I am not to be deterred from my purpose."

"Go on, then, perverse and foolish woman!" she said, petulantly, and turning swiftly, she sped down the cañon and was lost to view.

It was with a feeling of relief that I saw her disappear from my sight, and again I started upon my way, bent upon communing with Nature undisturbed by uncongenial company. The sight well repaid the trouble. Therocky walls towered heavenward with awe-inspiring grandeur, with hardy pines firmly rooted in the crevices with soil supplied by the nests of small, burrowing animals, accumulating for ages, and moisture by the snows upon the mountain tops melting in the rays of the summer sun.

Clambering up rugged steeps, following paths worn by animals and Indians long ago, I stood upon a shelving projection, and looked around me.

A little farther on I saw a small stream of water issuing from a crevice and a beautiful mountain shrub growing near it.

"I will take a drink from the mountain spring, and a sprig from the beautiful bush as a memento of the place," I thought, and started toward it.

I was within ten feet of the spring when my attention was arrested by a peculiar, never-to-be-mistaken sound, and what was my horror to behold a large rattlesnake lying directly in my path.

It was coiled for a spring, the head was raised a foot from the ground, the jaws distended, and the forked tongue darting menacingly toward me, and I stood as if chained to the spot, unable to move a muscle or utter a sound. And of what use would it have been had I shrieked with the voice of a panther? I had voluntarily placed myself beyond the reach of human aid, and here I was.

I dared not retreat, for I believed that the reptile would spring upon the me instant that I turned from it.

The shelving projection upon which I stood was not more than twenty feet in width. Above towered the rocky walls hundreds of feet toward the skies, while

below a fearful precipice was ready to engulf me if I fell. The head of the reptile began to sway back and forth with a graceful, wavy motion, and the eyes to dilate and glow with a strange and fascinating light from which I dared not turn away, though every nerve quivered with dread and apprehension. "What shall I do? what *can* I do?" were the questions that flashed across my mind, but I was as powerless as if I had been some helpless bird instead of a strong and self-reliant woman.

The reptile raised its head a little higher and drew back as if unwilling longer to delay the fatal spring.

"Ha! laughest thou, Lochial, my vision to scorn?" said a weird voice, apparently in the air above me, and the next instant a boulder came rolling down with irresistible force, crushing the snake into a writhing mass as it passed, then speeding on over the precipice that lay in its way. I looked up and beheld the weird face of the Gypsy Doctor peering over a ledge of rocks far above my head. She regarded me triumphantly for a moment, then, with a wild, mocking laugh she disappeared, but whether she vanished in the air or concealed herself in some fissure in the rocks I was too greatly terrified to inquire.

"Woman or devil, she has saved my life, which is certainly more than I deserved at her hands," I muttered, as I turned away from the still writhing mass and retraced my steps, robbed of all disposition for further exploration.

The woman has certainly a disposition to return good for evil, and never loses an opportunity of doing another person a kindness, but what is this mysterious insight of which some people give us occasional glimpses, and who is this strange duallified creature whose presence still haunts the atmosphere of Colorado Springs? Can any one answer?

ISADORE ROGERS.

STOLEN BY INDIANS.

IT had been a long, cold winter, and every one knows how tedious a long, severe winter can be. Long before Christmas the white snow had completely covered the bare brown earth and lay in great drifts in the few fence corners, for the country was new and the cleared land and fence corners were small items in those days. But the soil was good, and some day valuable farms would make the country beautiful and pay the settlers for their toil. Even the January thaw that came along at the proper time and tried to do as other January thaws had done, got disgusted at the amount of work it would have to do, and gave it up, and left nearly as much snow as it found. But one by one the cold white winter months slipped away and spring was there at last, cold and shivering, but full of sweet hints and promises. Here and there in the woods could be seen a faint blue line of smoke, showing that the sweet hints were fast becoming sweet realities, for the settlers were making their year's supply of maple sugar and syrup. The children, after being shut up so much through the long winter, were glad to get on the bare ground again, even if it was damp and spongy. But, best of all, on pleasant days they liked to be out among the maples. The wind sometimes was a little too keen to be real comfortable, but the blue sky and warm sunshine made them think of the coming summer days, and there were pretty patches of green moss to be found under the dead leaves, and the sap bubbled and hummed in the great kettles, and then turned into sweet, waxy mouthfuls when cooled on the big chips full of snow. It was fun to keep the fire dancing and to watch the busy squirrels that frisked up and down the trees and scolded and called out so saucily all day

VOL. LXXI. -14.

long. Everything out there was nice while the sunshine lasted, but when the sun dipped low in the west the shadows among the trees seemed creeping savages, and then the strong log-houses seemed safest and best. Often great bands of Indians would pass through that part of the country, and though they seemed always friendly to the white folks, it was a well-known fact that more than once they had stolen white children, and as bad habits will cling to folks, they might do so again if they got the chance. As it was, the children felt safest near their parents, and the parents felt safest to have them near, for though some of the log-houses were full of children, there was not any to spare. But in one log-house the children were few and small but capable of making quite a time when they got tired and restless. Generally little James Bennet was a good boy and played pleasantly with his little sister when his mother was busy with her work, but one busy day the play in the house did not suit him. It was a bright warm day and the sunshine and warm air made him restless and cross, and he teased to go out in the woods where his father was. He wanted some sap to drink, and some wax to chew, and he wanted to see the squirrels run up and down the trees. His wants were many that day, and he teased and fretted until his mother, tired out with saying no, gave him a spanking and set him in a corner to get good. But it took quite a long time to get good. When his mother wasn't looking he made faces at his little sister and snapped his fingers at her, and she tried to make faces, too, and snap her tiny fingers. She was so funny about it that he got to laughing, and then he concluded to be good, for dinner was cooking and there was a pan-

ful of fresh, warm doughnuts, and he wanted some to eat. So the ill-nature vanished, and some of the doughnuts, too, but the trip out into the woods was not forgotten nor given up, for when his father came up to dinner the teasing began again.

"He teased and fretted half of the forenoon," said Mrs. Bennet, "but I was too busy to leave the house."

"Well, I'll take him back with me and keep him as long as he is contented. Fresh air and warm sunshine are good for fretful children."

"What do you want to do out in the woods?" Mr. Bennet asked James as he swung him up in the air and then landed him in his chair and pushed it up to the dinner table.

"Kill a bear, like you did t'other day. Bear meat good, and I hungry for it. I want some wax, too."

"I guess you do need a little sweet'ning," said his father, "for you have been sour to-day. How would some squirrel meat do? I don't know where to find a bear to-day."

"Hunt by a tree," said James, who remembered that his father found one there in the fall, although to him it seemed "t'other day." It did not take long to eat the dinner, for they were busy people and never loitered long when they were well and there was work to do. When the meal was over James ran for his hat and coat and pulled them on and told his father he was ready. But his mother thought different, for she washed the dinner stains from around his mouth, buttoned his coat, and tied his cap over his ears. Then a string with a blue mitten on each end was put around his neck, the coat-collar pulled up, for the air had grown cooler, and then he was swung upon his father's back and started for the "sugar bush," as happy as a child could be.

"I'll bring you a bear," he said to Mattie, "and maybe a squirrel," and

then they went down the narrow path between the trees, watched for awhile by Mattie and the mother.

Mrs. Bennet felt as if she would like to go too, for the air was full of the fresh woodsey smell, and a few robins were hopping about, stately and solemn looking like dignified old men, and the buds were beginning to swell, getting ready to shake out their clusters of tender green leaves. Her gaze came back from the robins and swelling buds, and went down the path where the two figures were. A childish laugh floated back to her, and then they disappeared among the trees. Then she turned back into the house, and shut the door, so Mattie could not stray away. No more time must be spent in idle gazing, for there were the dishes to wash and put away, the room to sweep, and Mattie to be rocked asleep, in the wide home-made cradle. Her foot could rock the cradle, while the nimble fingers must make or mend the plain, stout garments they all wore.

With her hands full of work and her mind busy with summer plans, the long afternoon seemed a short one, and soon it was time to get the supper. It had to be a hot one, for a cold light supper did not taste just right after spending hours out in the fresh hunger-creating air.

Out in the woods the time did not go quite so fast. James had followed his father around, hunting for snow to cool the wax on. Then he had sat still, a long time it seemed to him, while his father had whittled out a tiny bow and arrow. At last it was finished, and then he tried to shoot the squirrels that peeked at him from the trees. But the squirrels were too quick, or the arrow was too small; he could not hit them, and after awhile he got tired of trying, and sat down on a log, almost ready to cry. The tears had got into his eyes, and the lips were all puckered up ready for a squall, when he thought about a bear. He winked back his tears, grabbed up his

bow and arrow, which had fallen to the ground, and jumped up, exclaiming:

"Bad squirrels! I don't like you! I'll go shoot a bear!"

"That's right," said his father. "If you can't have what you want in this world, take what you can get."

That was good logic, though Jimmy did not understand it, but he understood the smile, so he said yes, and trotted off behind the logs and trees to shoot a bear.

But the bear was meaner than the frisky squirrels, for it did not even show itself, and after a long tiresome search, James gave it up, and began to tease to go to the house. In the forenoon, he wanted everything out in the woods, but now he was hungry and when he thought of the bread and butter and plump fried cakes at home in the cupboard, the woods and bear-meat lost their charms. But his father could not go to the house just then, for the sap boiling and bubbling in the big kettle had got to that point where it needed close attention.

"Just wait a little while," he said, "and then we will go up to the house and get a big warm supper."

James measured time according to his feelings, so the little while stretched out long and tiresome to him, and soon he began to tease again. Finally his father grew tired of trying to keep him contented, so he thought of a plan that seemed just the thing. He could not trust such a small boy to go through the woods alone, but he could carry him up to the straight path in plain view of the house, and surely he could go that little bit of a way alone. So he fixed the fire so it would burn slow while he was gone, swung James with his bow and arrow upon his back, and started away through the woods. When he got to the path where the house could be plainly seen, he put James down, and walked a little ways with him.

"Now," he said, "you can go the rest

of the way alone. Don't stop anywhere, but go straight to the house."

And James glad to see the house again, started away on a little trot. For a few seconds his father watched him, thinking how fast he was growing, and how soon he would be a big boy able to help him, and then seeing he was more than half-way to the house, he turned and hurried back to his fire and sugar. If only something might have whispered to him to wait and watch he would have saved his boy. But not a thought of danger came to him, not a sound from the wily Indian hidden behind a tree, watching and listening and waiting for mischief.

When James got up to the tree a long arm reached out and picked him up, a big brown hand went over his mouth to stop the cry if any came, and then he was carried away from the little home that was so near, away off into the wilderness to live and grow up like an Indian.

Mr. Bennet stayed out in the woods until the sun and shadows told him it was supper-time, and then, tired and hungry, he started home glad of his home even though it was small and plain. He went into the house and shut the door, while his wife looked around with wide-open eyes.

"Where's Jimmy?" she cried. "Where have you left him?"

"Why, he's been home quite a while," he answered, then, startled at her queer look, he said: "Haven't you seen him?"

"No," she cried, "not since this noon. Tell me about it."

He told her quickly, putting on his hat and coat as he talked, for there was no time to lose.

"Run to the next neighbor," he cried, "and see if they know anything about him, and I will look where I saw him last."

He went quickly down the little path and called. No answer. He turned into the woods and searched and called. He could find nothing, not even a track. Soon a neighbor came down the path,

called to him, and then began to search on the other side. Soon he called to him. There, faintly seen in the fading light was the print of a moccasin. Farther on was the same track again, and close by it a little arrow. That told the whole story, and with sad hearts they went back to the frightened, half wild mother. For days they searched the woods and for years they questioned every Indian they saw, but nothing could be learned about the lost boy, and the sorrowful parents had to learn to live without him. Other parents watched their children closer than ever, and the sad story was told to every new-comer. The years went by, bringing changes and new life. The little path where James had walked that sad day was a pretty green lane, running past the garden to large fertile fields. The little log-house was gone, and a big double frame-house stood in its place. The farm was beautiful and valuable, for a busy, growing village had crept up close to its fields and was waiting to step over. Mattie could not remember the lost brother, and other children had come to fill up the broken home. To them he was nothing but a sad story, told by their parents, and the end they never expected to know. The mother grew old and tired, and one day they laid her to rest on the hillside, and only the father was left to remember the old times and the little boy. But one day there came to the big house a stranger. He was big and brown, with black hair and black

flashing eyes, and he told them he was James Bennet, and that he had lived with the Indians many long years, and now he wanted to live at home again. Mr. Bennet questioned him closely, for he could not feel sure that he was his son. Of the childish days in the log-house he could remember nothing, neither could he tell anything about his capture. He stayed for several days, looking around the farm with keen eyes, but failing to make a good impression on the family.

"Was it the lost son or was it a stranger claiming the name and place for a share of the property?"

Over and over Mr. Bennet asked himself that question, for he did not want to do wrong. The children were all grown up, and not one was willing to call him brother.

Old Mr. Smith, the neighbor that had found the little arrow, came over to see the stranger. He asked him many questions, keenly watching his every move and action. The next day when asked his opinion, he said, cautiously:

"I don't say it is James, and I don't say it isn't, but somehow he don't seem to look or act just like the rest of ye."

Finally Mr. Bennet said to him:

"We can't any of us feel sure that you are our James, but if you will bring any proof that you are, our home shall be yours too."

Then he went away never to come back again, and no one ever knew whether he was the true James Bennet or not.

HOPE STUART.

GERMAN DISH. Line a well-buttered pie-dish with cold boiled and sliced potatoes; skin and bone thoroughly three or four herrings, chop them fine, and mix with a little cream or new milk; season with salt and pepper, and spread some of this mixture over the sliced potatoes;

then put in another layer of potatoes, then more fish, and so on, finishing with a layer of potato—small pieces of butter should be sprinkled on each. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. This dish is equally good made with salted herrings.

ALAS!

CHAPTER XXVI.

TIME has stepped upon another year; not much more than stepped, since that year's first month is not yet out, and Burgoyne has stepped upon another continent before we again rejoin him.

Since Amelia's funeral—immediately after which he again quitted England—he has seen no member of his dead betrothed's family, nor has he held any intercourse, beyond the exchange of an infrequent letter, with Mrs. Byng or her son.

The favored inhabitants of London have breakfasted and lunched by gaslight; have groped their way along their dirty streets through a fog of as thick and close a fabric as the furs gathered round their chilled throats; have, even within their houses, seen each other dimly across a hideous yellow vapor that kills their expensive flowers and makes their unwilling palm-trees droop in home-sick sadness. There is no fog about the Grand Hotel, Mustapha Supérieur, Algiers; no lightest blur of mist to dim the intensity of the frame of green in which its white face is set. It is not so very grand, despite its unpromising big name, as it stands high aloft on the hillside, looking out over the bay and down on the town, looking down more immediately upon tree-tops and on the Governor's summer palace. It is an old Moorish house, enlarged into a hotel, with little arched windows sunk in the thick walls, with red-tiled floors and balconies, with low white balustrades of pierced brick, up which the lush creepers climb and wave—yes, climb and wave on this 20th of January.

It is not until refreshed by a completed toilette that it occurs to him to look out of the window. His room possesses two.

One faces the hill's rich-clothed steepness, and a row of orange-trees covered with fruit, and at whose feet tumbled gold balls lie. But the dusk is falling fast, and he can only dimly see the prodigality of green in which the modest Grand Hotel lies buried. The other window looks out—but a very little way lifted above it, for the room is on the ground floor—upon the red-tiled terrace. It is growing very dim, too. At the present moment it is empty and deserted, but the chairs studded over its surface in talkative attitudes, as if sociable twos and threes had drawn together in chat, tell plainly that earlier in the day it had been frequented, and that several people had been sitting out on it.

How quickly the dark has fallen! The empty chairs show indistinct outlines, and the heavy green trees have turned black. But the terrace is no longer quite empty. A footfall sounds—coming slowly along it. One of the waiters, no doubt, sent to fetch in the chairs; but, no! an over-worked Swiss waiter, harried by electric bells, and with an imminent swollen *table d'hôte* upon his burdened mind, never paced so slowly, nor did anything male ever step so lightly.

It must be a woman; and even now her white gown makes a patch of light upon the dark background of the quickly on-coming night. A white gown on the 20th of January! Again that pleasing sense of the ludicrous tickles his fancy. She must be one of the persons who lately occupied the empty chairs, and have come in search of some object left behind. He recollects having noticed an open book lying on the low parapet. She has a white gown; but what more can be predicated of her in this owl-light?

In the *salle à manger* that night Jim looks about him expectant of some one he hardly knows whom.

Was it her little ghost that he had seen, her dainty delicate ghost? But why should it appear to him *here*? Why haunt these unfamiliar shores? The only places in the room which still remain untenanted are those at a round table laid for three, in the embrasure of a Moorish window, not very distant from where he sits. On first catching sight of it his hopes had risen, only immediately to fall again, as he realizes that it is destined for a trio. Why should three places be laid for Elizabeth and her mother?

It is five minutes before he again looks toward the table in the window. His first glance reveals that the three persons for whom it is destined have at length arrived and taken their seats. Idiot that he is, he had forgotten Mr. Le Marchant's existence.

They stoop, their heads together—what friends they always were, she and her mother!—and again the blue twinkle comes into her eyes; the dimple's little pitfall is dug anew in her white cheek. Was there ever such an April creature? Mr. Le Marchant appears to take no part in the jokes, he goes on eating his dinner silently, and his back, which is turned toward Burgoyne, looks morose.

How is it that Elizabeth's roving eye has not yet hit upon himself? He sees presently that the cause lies in the fact of her look alighting upon old and known objects of entertainment, rather than going in search of new ones. But it must sooner or later embrace him in its range. The fond fat widow beside him must surely be one of her favorites, and, in point of fact, as he feverishly watches to see the inevitable moment of recognition arrive he perceives that Miss Le Marchant and her mother are delightedly—though not so openly as to be patent to the rest of the room—observing her. And then comes the expected careless

glance at him, and the no less expected transformation. Her elbows have been carelessly resting on the table and she has just been pressing her laughing lips against her lightly-joined hands to conceal their merriment. In an instant he sees the right hand go out in a silent desperate clutch at her mother's and the next second he knows that she also has seen him. They both stare helplessly at him.

The better to set them at ease he turns the back of his head toward their table, and compels the reluctant widow to relinquish her invalid booty for fully ten minutes in his favor. Perhaps when Elizabeth can see only the back of his head she may resume her jokes. But all the same he knows that, for her, there will no more mirth to-day.

The table in the window is again empty. In the meantime Elizabeth is clinging tremblingly about her mother's neck in the privacy of their own little salon. The absence of the husband and father for the moment in the smoking-room has removed the irksome restraint from both the poor women.

"Did you see him?" asks Elizabeth, breathlessly, as soon as the door is safely closed upon them, flinging herself down upon her knees beside Mrs. Le Marchant, who has sunk into a chair, and cowering close to her as if for shelter. "What is he doing here? Why has he come? When first I caught sight of him I thought that of course—" She breaks off, sobbing; "and when I saw that he was alone I *was* relieved; but I was disappointed too! Oh! I must be a fool—a bad fool—but I *was* disappointed! O mammy! mammy! how seeing him again brings it all back!"

"Do not cry, dear child, do not cry!" answers Mrs. Le Marchant, apprehensively; though the voice in which she gives the exhortation is shaking too. "Your father will be in directly; and you know how angry—"

"I will not! I will not!" cries Elizabeth, trying with her usual extreme docility, to swallow her tears; "and I do not show it much when I have been crying; my eyes do not mind it as much as most people's; I suppose"—with a small rainy smile—"because they are so used to it!"

"Perhaps he will not stay long," murmurs the mother, dropping a fond rueful kiss on the prone blonde head that lies on her knees; "perhaps if we are careful we may avoid speaking to him."

"But I *must* speak to him!" breaks in the girl, lifting her head, and panting; "I *must* ask him; I *must* find out; why, we do not even know whether Willy is dead or alive!"

"He is not dead," rejoins the elder woman, with melancholy common-sense; "if he had been, we should have seen it in the papers; and, besides, why should he be? Grief does not kill; nobody, Elizabeth, is better able to attest that than you and I."

Elizabeth is now sitting on the floor, her hands clasped round her knees.

"He is aged," she says, presently; and this time it is evident that the pronoun refers to Burgoyne.

Mrs. Le Marchant assents.

"He must have cared more for that poor creature than we gave him credit for. Get up, darling; dry your eyes and sit with your back to the light; here comes your father!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE of the reasons, though not the sole or even the main one, of Burgoyne's visit to Algiers is that the Wilson family are wintering there. And yet he dreads the meeting with them inexpressibly. When they last parted, immediately after having stood together round Amelia's open grave, they had all been at a high pressure of emotion, and of demonstrative affectionateness, which nothing in their

tastes, habits, or natures, could possibly make continuous. He has a horrible fear that they will expect to take up their relations at the same point at which he had left them. He would do it if he could, but he feels that it is absolutely impossible to him. The door of that room in his memory which is labelled "*Amelia*" is forever locked.

Jim is going to church, and is presently asking his way to the English chapel. The Wilson family will certainly be there, and it has struck him that the dreaded meeting will be robbed of half its painful awkwardness if it takes place in public. At a church-porch, crowded with issuing congregation, Sybilla cannot fall into hysterics—it is true that Sybilla never attends divine service—nor can Cecilia weepingly throw her arms about his neck. But whatever means he may take to lessen the discomfort and smart of that expected encounter, the thought of it sits like lead upon his spirits, as he walks quickly.

He had thought himself in good time, but he must have loitered more than he had been aware of, as the bell is silent and the porch closed. He enters as quietly as may be, and takes his place near the door.

Of the Le Marchants, indeed, he never catches sight, for the excellent reason that that they are not to be caught sight of, not being there. In the case of the Wilsons he is more fortunate, though here, too, a sort of surprise is in store for him. He has involuntarily been scanning, in his search for them, only those of the congregation who are dressed in mourning. The picture that the retina of his eye has kept of Cecilia is of one tear-swollen and crape-swaddled: and though if he had thought of it, his reason would have told him that, after seven months, she is probably no longer sobbing and sabled, yet even then the impression that he would expect to receive from her would be a grave and a black one. This

is why, although he is on the look-out for her, she yet comes upon him at last as a surprise.

"Jim!" cries a voice, pitched a good deal higher than is wont to make itself heard within the precincts of a church—a female voice of delighted surprise and cheerful welcome; "father, here is Jim!"

Burgoyne turns, and sees a lady in a very smart bonnet, full of spring flowers, and with a red *en tout cas*—for they have now issued into the day's potent beam—shading her rosy face; a lady whose appearance presents about as wide a contrast to the serious and inky figure he had expected to see as it is well possible to imagine.

Cecilia, indeed, is looking what her maid admiringly pronounced her before sending her forth to triumph, "very dressy." Mr. Wilson is black, certainly—but then clergymen always are black—and he still has a band upon his hat, but it is a very narrow one—sorrow nearing its vanishing point. In answer to his daughter's joyous apostrophe he answers:

"Sh, Cecilia! do not talk so loud. How are you, Jim?"

And then the meeting is over—that first meeting which Jim had shrunk from with such inexpressible apprehension—as certain to be so fraught with intolerable emotion, with calls upon him that he would not be able to answer; with baring of incurable wounds. The contrast with the reality is so startling that at first it makes him almost dizzy. Can the showy creature beside him, preening herself under her gay sunshade, be the same overwhelmed, shrunk, tear-drenched Cecilia whom at their last meeting he had folded in so solemn an embrace? Her cheerful voice answers for herself:

"It is so nice to see you again! When did you come? We did not expect you quite so soon; in your last letter you were rather vague as to dates; I can't say that you shine as a correspondent. You will come back to luncheon with us, of course,

will you not? *déjeuner*, as they call it here; I always thought *déjeuner* meant breakfast. You will come, will not you? Sybilla will be so glad to see you—glad, that is to say, in her dismal way."

She ends with a laugh, which he listens to in a silence that is almost stunned.

"How nice it is to see you again!"

"Thank you." His acknowledgment seems to himself so curt that after a moment he feels constrained to add something to it. That something is the bald and trivial inquiry: "And you—how have you all been getting on?"

Cecilia shrugs her shoulders.

"We are better off than we were; you know that, of course. Nobody ever thought that father's brother would have died before him. Wait till you see our villa—it is one of the show ones here; and, of course, it is very pleasant having more money; but one cannot help wishing that it had come earlier."

Two minutes later Jim is standing by Sybilla's couch. She is holding both his hands in hers, and there is something in her face which tells him that she means that he shall kiss her.

"When I think—when I think of our last meeting!" she says, hysterically.

"Yes," he says, gasping; "yes, of course. What a beautiful villa you have here!"

The observation is a true one, though, for the moment, he has not the least idea whether it is beautiful or not, as he turns his tormented eyes round upon the delicious little court with its charming combination of slender twisted marble columns, of mellow-tinted tiles, of low, plashing fountain.

Sybilla has let fall his hands, and the expression of the wish for a sisterly embrace has disappeared out of her face. For a few moments she remains absolutely silent. He looks round anxiously for Cecilia, but she has gone to take off her bonnet, and Mr. Wilson has not yet come in.

When will Cecilia return? Behind him he presently hears the invalid's voice, steadied and coldened:

"It is very beautiful, and, of course, it is everything for weary eyes to have such pleasant objects to rest upon. I believe"—with a little laugh—"that we sick people really take in most of our nourishment through the eyes."

"We quarrel more than we used to do, do not we?" says Cecilia, when Jim, a little later, takes leave, and she walks under her red sunshade up the ilexed drive with him to the pillared gate; "and to-day we were better than usual, because you were by. Oh! I wish you were always by!"

He cannot echo the wish. He had thought that he had already held his dead Amelia at her true value, but never until to-day has he realized through what a long purgatory of obscure heroisms she had passed to her reward.

"I do hope you will not drop us altogether. Of course, now that the link that bound us to you is broken"—her voice quivers—"there is nothing to hold you any longer, but I do trust you will not quite throw us over."

"My dear old girl, why should I? I hope that you and I shall always be the best of friends, and that before long I shall see you settled in a home of your own."

"You mean that I shall marry? Well, to be sure"—with a recurrence to that business-like tone which had always amused him formerly in her discussion of her affairs of the heart—"I ought to have a better chance now than ever, as I shall have a larger fortune."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NOTRE DAME D'AFRIQUE—Our Lady of Africa—is an ugly lady, homely and black; and the church that is dedicated to her is ugly, too—new and mock-Moorish; but, like many another ugly

lady, being very nobly placed, she has a great and solemn air. It is Our Lady of Africa who first gives us our greeting as we steam in from seawards.

Burgoyne has been told, both by his guide-book and by his *table d'hôte* neighbor, that he ought to see Notre Dame d'Afrique; nor is he loth to pay further obeisance to that high lady who already yesterday beckoned to him across the blue floor of her waters. He does not tell Cecilia of his intention, as he knows that she would offer to accompany him; but on leaving her he takes his way through the gay French town, along its Arab-named streets, Bab-a-Zoun and Bab-el-Oued, toward the village of St. Eugène, and breasts the winding road that, with many an elbow and bend, heading a deep gorge that runs up from the sea to the church-foot, leads him within her portals.

He turns away and half absently begins to make the circuit of the church, and in doing so comes suddenly upon three persons who are apparently similarly employed. The party consists of a man and two ladies. Being a little ahead of him they are for the first moment or two not aware of his presence, an ignorance by which he, rather to his own discomfiture, profits to overhear a scrap of their conversation certainly not intended for his ears.

"I suppose that you were wool-gathering, as usual?" Mr. Le Marchant is saying, with an accent of cold severity to his daughter; "but I should have thought that even *you* might have remembered to bring a wrap of some kind for your mother!"

Jim starts, partly at having happened so unexpectedly upon the people before him, partly in shocked astonishment at the harshness both of voice and words.

In the old days Elizabeth had been the apple of her father's eye, to oppose whose lightest fancy was a capital offense, for whom no words could be too sugared, no

looks too doting. Yet now she answers, with the sweetest good-humor, and without the slightest sign of surprise or irritation or any indication that the occurrence is not an habitual one:

"I cannot think how I could have been so stupid; it was inexcusable of me."

"I quite agree with you," replies the father, entirely unmollified; "I am sure you have been told often enough how liable to chills insufficient clothing makes people in this beastly climate at sundown."

"But it is not near sundown," breaks in Mrs. Le Marchant, throwing herself anxiously, and with a dexterity which shows how frequently she is called upon to do so, between the two others; "look what a great piece of blue sky the sun has yet to travel."

"You shall have my jacket," cries Elizabeth, impetuously, but still with the same perfect sweetness; "it will be absurdly short for you, but, at least, it will keep you warm." So saying, she, with the speed of lightning, whips off the garment alluded to, and proceeds to guide her mother's arms into its inconveniently tight sleeves, laughing the while with her odd childish light-heartedness, and crying, "You dear thing, you do look too ridiculous!"

The mother laughs too, and aids her daughter's efforts; nor does it seem to occur to any of the three that the fatal Southern chill may possibly strike the delicate little frame of Elizabeth, now exposed, so lightly clad in her tweed gown, to its insidious influence.

"I wish you had a looking-glass to see yourself in!" cries she, rippling into fresh mirth; "does not she look funny, father?" appealing to him with as little resentment for his past surliness as would be shown by a good dog (I cannot put it more strongly), and yet, as it seems to Jim, with a certain nervous deprecation.

The next moment one of them—he does not know which—has caught sight

of himself, and the moment after he is shaking hands with all three. It is clear that the fact of his presence in Algiers has been notified to Mr. Le Marchant, for there is no surprise in his coldly civil greeting. He makes it as short as possible, and almost at once turns to continue his circuit of the church, his wife at his side, and his daughter meekly following. Doubtless they do not wish for his (Jim's) company; but yet as he was originally, and without any reference to them, going in their direction, it would seem natural that he should walk along with them.

"A—a—great many things have happened since—since we last met!" says Elizabeth.

Her eye travels for a moment to his hat, from which, unlike Cecilia's rainbow raiment, the crape band has not yet been removed; and he understands that she is comprehending his troubles as well as her own in the phrase.

"A great many!" he answers, baldly.

"I hope that—that—all your friends are well."

"All my friends!" repeats he, half sadly; "they are not such a numerous band; I have not many friends left still alive."

"Do you mean?"—she stammers—"that anybody—any of your friends—is—is lately dead?"

"O no! no!" he cries, reassuringly; "you are making a mistake; nobody is dead—nobody, that is"—with a sigh—"that you do not already know of. All our friends—all our common friends—are, as far as I know—"

"Elizabeth!" breaks in Mr. Le Marchant's voice, in severe appellation; he has only just become aware that his daughter is not unaccompanied, and the discovery apparently does not please him.

Without a second's delay, despite her twenty-seven years, she has sprung forward to obey the summons; and Jim has

the sense to make no further effort to re-join her. By the time that their circuit is finished, and they have again reached the front of the church, vespers are ended, and there is a movement outward among the worshipers. The little service is brief, and those who have taken part in it are soon dispersing. As they do so, Jim once more finds himself for a moment close to Elizabeth.

The sun has nearly touched the sea-line by this time, and he sees, or thinks he sees, her shiver.

"You are cold," he says, solicitously; "you will get a chill."

She looks back at him, half surprised, half grateful, at the anxiety of his tone.

"Not I!" she answers, with a gentle air of indifference and recklessness; "naught never comes to harm!"

"But you shivered! I saw you shiver."

"Did I? It was only"—smiling—"that a goose walked over my grave. Does a goose never walk over your grave?"

And once more she is gone.

He does not see her again that day. Of the three places laid for dinner at the round table in the *salle à manger*, only two are occupied; hers is, and remains, empty. She is not with her parents, and, what is more, she does not appear to be missed by them.

The next morning rises superb in steady splendor, and Jim, on issuing out on the little red-tiled terrace, finds the whole strength of the hotel gathered upon it. Even the worst invalids, who have not shown their noses outside their rooms for a fortnight, are sunning themselves, wrapped in apparently unnecessary furs. The Arabs and Turks have spread their gay rugs and carpets, and displayed their bits of stuff, their brasswork, and their embroidery. They make a charming garden of color under the blue. One is lying beside his wares, in an azure jacket and a rose-red sash, twanging a

"*gunébri*," or little Arab mandoline. Apart from the rest of the company, at the extreme end of the terrace, in a place which is evidently hers by prescriptive right, close to the balustrade, upon whose blue and white tiled top her books are lying, Elizabeth is sitting—and sitting alone, neither truculent father nor frightened mother barring approach to her. He makes his way at once to her.

"You were not at dinner last night?"

"No."

"I hope that did not mean that you were ill?"

Her eyes are not lifted to his—resting rather on the balustrade, through whose pierced brickwork little boughs of *Bougainvillea* are pushing.

"No, I was not ill," she replies, slowly, "but I had made such a figure of myself by crying that mammy thought I had better stay away. When I looked in the glass," she adds, humorously, "I thought so myself."

"There was not much sign of tears about you when we parted at Notre Dame d'Afrique," he says, brusquely.

"No, but"—with a sudden lifting of her pretty lashes—"you know there is never any medium in me; I am always either laughing or crying, and, of course, seeing you again brought—brought things back to me."

She looks wistfully at him as she makes this leading remark.

He can no longer have any doubt as to her wish to embark upon the subject which, even in the three minutes of their meeting on the previous day, she had sought to approach. If he is kind he will enter into her wish, he will make her path easier for her; but for the moment he does not feel kind—angry, rather, and rebellious.

Is his intercourse with her to be a mere repetition of that which, although now seven months ago, makes him still writhe, in the recollection of his later intercourse with Byng? Is he again to be spitted

upon the skewer of reminiscences of the Vallombrosan wood? *Never!*

"I always think," says Elizabeth, following the direction of his eyes—"perhaps it may be fancy—that this particular corner of the sky is much bluer than any other."

There is a shade of disappointment in her tone at his failure to take up her challenge, but she is far too gentle to make any further effort in a direction which, for some reason, is disagreeable to him; and since he will not follow her inclination she is pliantly willing to follow his.

The Arabs have come up in might to-day, and, no longer fearing rain, have carpeted almost the whole terrace with their wares.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"You said just now that seeing me brought things back to you."

She starts a little.

"Yes—yes," she answers; "but 'brought things back' is not quite the right phrase; they"—her voice growing low and tremulous—"had not very far to come."

The quiver in her voice annoys him almost as much as Byng's tears used to do.

"If you would like to ask me any questions," he says, stiffly, "I am ready to answer them."

"Are you?" she cries, hungrily. "Oh! that is kind of you! But, then, you always *were* kind. But not here"—looking apprehensively round—"I could not trust myself to talk about—about him here; I—I should break down, and nothing"—with a smile that, though watery, is still humorous—"would induce me to make a fool of myself before the Widow Wadman." Then, seeing him look at a loss: "Come in-doors!" she says, impulsively, standing up, and half stretching out her hand as if to draw him after her. "Come into our salon—no, you need not be afraid; we shall have it all to our-

selves; father and mother have gone out for their usual constitutional on the Boulevard Mustapha."

He follows her silently, and neither speaks till they find themselves *tete-à-tete* in the private apartment of the Le Marchants.

She has sunk down upon the sofa, over which a great woolen *haik*, dyed with harmonious dull tints, is thrown.

"Do not sneer at me!" she says, faintly. "You would not if you knew how you hurt me. Is he—is he—how is he?"

"He is not ill. When a man," says Jim, gravely, "at the outset of his life gets such a facer as he did, if he has not a very strong character, it is apt to drive him off the rails, to give him a shove downward."

"I see; and you think I have given him a shove downward?"

"Yes."

"If I had married him I should have given him a much worse shove down."

Jim holds his breath. Is he about to hear from her own lips that secret which he has magnanimously resisted all opportunities of hearing from other sources? But the words that after a pause follow this almost whispered statement are not a confession. They are only an appeal.

"You would be doing the kindest thing that you ever did in your life, if you could bring yourself to say that you thought I did it for the best."

He feels that if he submits his eyes to hers his will must go with them; he will have no power left of dissent from any request she may choose to make, so he still stares over her head at a screen which hides the doorless entrance to the third room of the little suite. One leaf, folded back, gives a peep through the little chamber, through its deep-arched window to where a date-palm stands up straight against the sea.

"I could not possibly say that unless I knew the circumstances of the case," he answers, judiciously.

He hears a low sigh, not of impatience, but of melancholy acquiescence.

"Then you must go on thinking ill of me."

"I do not wish to think ill of you," he answers, sadly. "Good heavens! do I need to tell you that? I have tried all along to keep myself from judging you, but I should not be human—you must know that I should not be human—if I did not ask myself why you did it?"

"Why I left Florence?"

"Yes."

"If I told you that I should be telling you everything."

Poor little docile creature! She is going to tell him her secret since he exacts it, though it is only with a rending asunder of soul and body that it can be revealed. He puts out his hand hurriedly, with a gesture as of prohibition.

"Then do not tell me."

There is a perfect silence between them for awhile. At his elbow is a great un-English, unwintery nosegay of asphodel and iris. He passes his fingers absently over the freakish spikes.

"How did he take it? How did he take it at first?"

"He would not believe it at first, and then he cried a great deal—oh! an immense deal!"—with an accent of astonishment, even at the recollection of his friend's tear-power. "And then—oh! then he thought of putting an end to himself!"

Her eyes have dropped to her own fragile, ringless hands as they lie on her lap.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" she says over softly twice, moving her head up and down with a little compassionate movement.

"It was a pity you let it go so far," he says, austere; "you must allow me to say that much; but I suppose in point of fact the ball once set rolling, it was past your power to stop it."

She listens to his philippic, with her head meekly bent.

"I did not try," she answers, in a half-whisper, then, after a pause, raising her down-dropped eyes, lit with a blue fire of excitement, almost inspiration, to his, "I said to myself, 'If I have any luck, I shall die before the smash comes, and I just lived on from day to day. I had not the heart to stop it, I knew it would stop of itself before long. I had never—hardly ever'—correcting herself, as it seems, with a modifying after-thought—"in my life before known what happiness meant, and, oh! oh! oh!"—with a groan of deepening intensity at each repeated interjection—"what a big word it is! Talking of happiness makes one think of unhappiness, does not it? We both know something about that, do not we?"

She pauses, and he sees that she is alluding to his own sorrow, and that her eye is sounding his to see whether he would wish her to approach it more nearly. His eye in answer must give but a dubious beam, since he himself is quite unsure of what his wishes on the subject are, and she goes on with the haste and yet unsteadiness of one who is treading on swampy ground that gives beneath his feet:

"We saw it in the papers; I could not believe it at first. It was the last thing I ever expected to happen. I thought of writing to you, but I did not. It seemed such a pity that it was she and not I!"

Again her eye interrogates his, as if asking for acquiescence in this suggestion, but he cannot give it. With a shock of surprise—nay, horror—at himself, he finds that he is unable to echo the wish that Elizabeth had died and Amelia lived.

"I said so to mammy at the time. Ah! here is mammy!"

And, indeed, as she speaks the door opens, and Mrs. Le Marchant enters in her walking-dress. At the sight of Jim, a look, which certainly does not betoken pleasure, though good breeding prevents it representing the opposite emotion, crosses her handsome worn face.

"I brought Mr. Burgoyne in here," says Elizabeth, in what seems rather precipitate explanation, "because we could not talk comfortably out on the terrace; they listen to everything we say, they have such long ears—the Widow Wadman and Miss Strutt!"

"I do not know what State secrets you and Mr. Burgoyne can have to discuss," replies the mother, with a smile that, though courteous, but ill disguises the underlying anxiety. "Yes, dear child, I shall be very much obliged if you will take my bonnet up-stairs for me"—this in answer to little tender overtures from Elizabeth, overtures that remind Jim of 12 bis, Piazza d'Azeglio. "I do not know whether you have yet found it so" (to Jim), "but this *is* a slack place."

No sooner has the door closed upon her daughter than her tone changes.

"What have you been talking about to her?" she inquires, rapidly; "not, I hope, about *him*."

"I could not help it; she asked me."

Mrs. Le Marchant strikes her hands together and gives utterance to that short and shapeless monosyllable which has a prescriptive right to express vexation.

"Did she—did she take it so much to heart?" inquires Jim.

"*Did she take it to heart?*" repeats Mrs. Le Marchant, with the irritation of one to whom a perfectly senseless and superfluous inquiry is put; "why, of course she did! I thought at one time that she would have gone out of her mind!"

No one can feel less merry than Jim, and yet his lips at this juncture cannot resist the impulse to frame themselves into a gloomy smile.

"And I thought that *he* would have gone out of *his* mind," he rejoins. "It seems a pity—a great pity!"

"A pity!" repeats the mother, with a sort of wrath, down which he detects a broad stripe of agony running; "I should think it *was* a pity! Pity is a weak

word! The whole thing is piteous! her whole history! If you only knew—"

She breaks off.

"They were so well suited to each other," continues Jim, slowly, but still generously. "Is it—I do not wish to intrude upon your confidence, but in the interests of my friend you will allow me to say that much—is it quite out of the question?"

"Quite! quite!" replies the mother, in painful excitement; "what, poor soul, is not out of the question for her that has any good or happiness in it? and that—*that* more than anything! If you have any mercy in you, do not put it into her head that it is not!"

"If it is not in her head already I could not put it there," replies Jim, gravely; "but I will not—I promise you I will not."

As he speaks a slight smile touches the corners of his serious mouth as he reflects how entirely easy it is to comply with a request *not* to urge Byng's suit upon its object, and how cheaply a character for magnanimity may sometimes be bought.

"That is very kind of you!" replies the poor woman, gratefully; "and I am sure when you say a thing I can depend upon you for it; and though, of course, it was unlucky our happening to meet you, yet you need not see much of her. Although it is not in the least 'out of sight, out of mind' with her"—sighing—"yet she is very much influenced by the objects around her, and when you are gone—I dare say you do not mean to make a long stay; this is not a place where there is much for a man to do—for a man like you—"

She breaks off, and her imploring eye invites him to reassure her by naming a speedy day for his own departure. But magnanimity may have calls made upon it that exceed its power to answer, and Jim's silence sufficiently proves that he is not going to allow himself to be seduced into a promise to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THEY KEPT THE BABY.

HARRIET was the elder sister's name, and somehow it suited her grave face, although so young and fair. Harriet aged sixteen, and Rosa one year, and, yes, there was John nearly twelve.

"Poor things," sighed the neighbors who had come jolting across the wide acres of that big country in their farm wagons to attend the little funeral of the mother; only a week previous they had come to pay the last respects to the dead father. "Poor things, what will they do?"

John and Harriet could be useful to many, but there was the baby, and the painful duty of separating the children.

"I spoke to Harriet that she could come to us," said a thrifty housewife on their homeward journey, to her husband. "I 'lowed she'd hear tell of some as would have the baby, and there's never no trouble findin' homes for boys. But sakes alive! you ought ter seen how her face flared up and she hugged that cryin' baby tight, and said, 'No, oh! no!' I thought after they starved a bit she'd change her mind."

More than one kindly neighbor would have given a home to either of the older children, but nobody wanted the baby. Nobody?

Harriet and John watched the last wagon as it rattled away with almost relief.

"You won't give her away?" whispered the boy, "even if somebody wants her?" plucking at the baby's little torn frock, the tears slowly rolling down his cheeks.

"Never!" said Harriet, vehemently.

"But what will we do?"

"I don't know," said the young girl, as she gazed mournfully around her.

Such a shabby, bare room as it was.

Two beams, simply frames constructed out of boards by her father and nailed to the wall, with their scant covering, an old cook stove, a plain home-made table and dresser on the same rude plan.

"There's nothing to leave," she said, aloud.

"O Harriet! are we going away?"

"There is nothing to leave. There never has been anything here."

"Yes, there's something."

She looked at the boy questioningly.

"Graves," he sobbed.

"Oh!" she said, "there are graves all over the world, you know, and father and mother rest as sweetly in this new land as anywhere. Never mind that, dear little brother, for I want you to be very brave. We are going on a big journey."

"To grandmother's?"

"Yes."

"But it's miles and miles, and we sold the horse and cow to pay—"

"We didn't sell ourselves, and we don't intend to. We will walk."

"Rosa is so heavy."

"She can ride in your cart."

"Oh! I know, we will camp out like the folks do who pass along the big trail. Lucky my cart is so large."

And at dawn the next day, when a neighbor, much troubled about the orphaned children, went to offer them all a temporary home, he found the little house closed and empty.

"Gone!" he ejaculated; "why, how did they get away? They cannot be gone far."

Six miles down the trail facing the rising sun the odd little party made the best haste possible.

"Do you think they will catch us?"

"Catch us, John! How you talk."

"Then why do you hurry so and try to hide when a wagon comes up behind us?"

"I am only afraid we might be delayed. Somebody might think it too big an undertaking, that I am too young a protector."

"Pooh!" said John, "they'd better attend to their own affairs."

But nobody interfered with the novel arrangement.

"Fortunate the weather is so pleasant," thought Harriet, as she saw the sun sinking away behind the level lands of the western horizon, and paused, trying to find a spot where they could cook their supper and sleep undisturbed.

To her right lay a small rise and beyond it even from the near roadside their cart could not be seen.

"We will be as safe there as at home in our wee house," she said, "and you are both tired. I think we will all sleep well."

The next morning found them bright and ready to renew their journey, but even as they begun it Harriet saw, to her dismay, three mounted men coming directly toward them.

"They are strangers," said John, eyeing them keenly, "and they look like soldiers. Are they, sister?"

"No—they are—I don't know who."

"Well-a-day! What's all this?" exclaimed one of them, as he reined his horse at their side. "Upon my word, I say, Ned, look here!"

"Well, my dear boy, my eyes are equal to your own. I have been looking."

"Funniest turnout I ever came across," said the first speaker, with a light amused laugh, then catching a glimpse of the blushing face of the young girl under the sun-bonnet, he addressed himself to the sturdy youngster at her side.

"My boy," he said, kindly, "where are you bound for?"

"Ohio."

"Ohio! it's about a thousand miles,

more or less; do you intend to go as you are?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why must you go?"

"Father and mother died. We sold the cow and the horse and Harriet said there was nothing to leave."

The three young men exchanged glances.

"What is there in Ohio?"

"Grandmother," said the boy, "and plenty of work, and Harriet said we could keep the baby then."

"Well," said the first speaker, "you are wiser than I thought; when there isn't any father and mother, a grandmother does come next. What a pretty baby! What did you say was her name, my boy?"

"Rosa May Breeding."

The young man bent down from his saddle to shake her wee hand, and to win one of her innocent smiles, then, with a lifting of hats the little mounted party swept by, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

"He was what father would have liked," said John, looking after the party.

"You mean a gentleman," said Harriet; "yes I think he was, if he did seem curious, but we do look funny."

"He shook your little hand, didn't he, darling?" said John, bobbing his head down to snatch a kiss from the same little hand.

"Sister, Sister Harriet, look! look!"

He pointed wildly at an object clutched in the wee baby-fingers.

"He has given her his—"

"Purse," said the girl, hot swift blushes rising to her cheeks.

"He gave it to baby! Oh! I guess he is a gentleman. Hurrah! now we won't have to walk—for that is why he gave it."

And the elder sister laid her head over on the baby's hand, kissed it and wept for joy.

Young Clare Hetherton bought a vast

number of the cheap lands in the new State and went back to his Eastern home browner, richer, and healthier for his Western trip.

"You didn't lose your heart?" said one of his lady friends. "I didn't know but you would bring back some rich rancher's daughter."

Clare laughed, but answered, with a gravity she could not understand,

"I came very near losing my heart."

"Ah! so there was something."

"Yes," he said, "there was a baby—and an elder sister."

But that was all the explanation he ever gave. To his friend in the West he wrote:

"Find out the address of that grandmother and let those children know that the taxes have been paid up on their father's claim and that the land is now valuable."

A year passed before any clue was obtained; then, one summer day into Grandmother Breeding's humble door a stranger entered.

Grandmother herself gave him a bright good morning and a proffered chair, while from behind her skirts a rosy face peeped.

"Rosa," said the gentleman, smiling upon her, "you and I are old friends."

The old lady looked amazed, but the baby refused to renew the acquaintance.

"Where are the other children?"

"Harriet is teaching and John is helping Mr. Brown. Such good children, but you said you were an old friend."

"Yes," laughed the stranger, "a Santa Claus sort of a friend you might call me. Ah! is this not Miss Harriet herself?"

She knew him, even if his laugh had not betrayed him, this tall, fair girl in white who stood in all her youthful, womanly beauty before him.

"You have changed," he said; "you have grown taller. I did not see your face very well under the sun-bonnet, you know."

The soft color came and went. She did, indeed, feel that she had met a friend.

"I think the baby should thank you, sir, and she, through her elder sister, is now amply able to repay that great kindness."

"I came to tell you that the home you abandoned in all its desolateness more than a year ago is now the centre of a new town and quite valuable, and it is yours still."

"But I—Grandmother, do you understand?"

Grandmother, smiling through her glasses, understood a good deal.

This then was the knight-errant that had sent her dear son's children safe to her, and he was looking at her beautiful granddaughter in a way she *thought* she understood, but in regard to the town and the land she was all at sea, so she merely shook her gray head.

"I said a moment ago I was a Santa Claus sort of a friend, and I do assure you I enjoy the situation, but this time I only bring the good news of the increase in your father's old claim, and to tell you the land is yours. Go and possess it."

It was true. Sometimes real estate well located turns out a small gold mine. Accident had so placed theirs.

But wise John, as he put his loving arms around Harriet's neck to kiss her good-bye as she started on her wedding journey, whispered:

"You said we'd keep the baby, that we'd never give her up, and we did, but it strikes me that we would have had a big walk if *somebody* hadn't come along."

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

THE STORY OF ANTOINETTE.

ALL the sultry day we had sat busily plying needle and thread, Antoinette and I, for it was before the day when every home held its magic needle, sent by swift revolving wheel to do in one day the work that then would have taken ten, and we were getting ready for her wedding.

Through the long sunny hours the pretty head had bent low over the dainty cambric ruffles in which her swift fingers were setting delicate stitches for the adorning of her little namesake cousin, who played beside her.

Early that morning she had come over the dew-laden meadow from the big white house on the hill, where in the best chamber lay her wedding outfit complete to its last detail.

Coming in where I sat alone with baby Antoinette, fresh and flushed from her morning bath, she flung her hat down and knelt beside me.

"O baby! baby!" she cried, burying her face against the curly little head, "I wish I were like you again, a happy baby in my mother's arms! or, better still," she added, bitterly, "I wish they had put me to sleep in her arms up on the quiet hillside."

And rising she walked to the window and looked out where we could see the white headstones gleaming in the green old churchyard.

After a moment she came back to me, and sat down in a low rocker near.

Her lips were smiling, but her eyes were full of tears.

"Everything is ready for the sacrifice," she said, "but for this one last day the lamb is going to frolic in whatsoever pasture pleases her. The ribbons and the garlands and the spices and fine linen are all there in grand array; it needs

but that the poor animal chosen shall be tricked out on the morrow. Step-mamma is busy and radiant, and my fond father is satisfied and gracious. Why shouldn't he be, when to-morrow all this vast expanse of field and orchard as far as we can see, except your little corner, auntie, will be mine and his? For my rich and generous Cousin Matthew says that on our wedding-day the mortgage on my ancestral acres shall light the flame by which our happy wedded life is to warmed!"

Her bitter words and tone cut me to the heart.

Her dead mother had been my best loved sister, and I loved her bright, beautiful child as if she were my own.

But what could I do? Helpless, I could give but empty words of comfort, or hold out hopes that I knew could never be fulfilled.

What could she look forward to as the wife of that cold, hard man who fairly bought the girl he had sworn to have "by fair means or foul," when his brief passion had cooled and she was but one of his possessions?

Was it through some of his evil machinations that handsome Harry Eldred had suddenly departed without word or sign for the girl he professed to love and who loved him with all her earnest heart?

I had often suspected this, and yet I had no evidence on which to base my suspicion except my knowledge of the persons concerned.

As an inmate of my family and my husband's trusted friend, I was sure that I had opportunity to measure truly the noble depths of Harry's heart, and I could not be brought to believe that treachery or duplicity held in it any place.

And yet what could we think?

Two years had passed, and since the night when, in response to the message that his father was dying, he had entered the waiting conveyance and driven hastily away, only having time for brief preparation or farewell, we had never heard one word from him.

"I will write—to all," he had said, meaningly to me as he clasped my hand in farewell. "I leave a good-bye!"

And from that hour he was gone out of our lives as if the earth had swallowed him up.

We had sent his trunks, as he had directed, immediately after his departure, and after a long time of silence my husband wrote to Harry at his old home, but no answer ever came.

It was after long months that some chance acquaintance that my husband met gave scanty tidings to us.

"The Eldreds? Oh! yes, they had gone far West somewhere, he had forgotten where, Harry and all the family. No, the father did not die, he was very sick, but he recovered."

We had never heard more.

No wonder that as the weeks went by Antoinette grew thin and pale, and dark shadows lay under the soft eyes.

Hers was no shallow nature, to love lightly and to forget easily.

But how proud she was. His name never passed her lips except to me.

"If he has deceived and deserted me," she said, "though that I can never believe, my heart is strong enough to shield both him and myself. If not, surely some time, if he is living, I shall hear from him."

But the slow weeks and months went by and she never heard.

I used often to see her father looking at her curiously from under his bushy brows, during those days, but he never spoke to her of the lover of whom he had so fiercely disapproved.

Only when almost two years had gone

by he had come to his daughter one day, and told her that her cousin once removed, rich Matthew Harding, had proposed for her in marriage and it was his wish that she should accept him.

"Father, I can never do it!" Antoinette had answered.

"But you can—you must!" the old man persisted.

"But I will not! I hate him!" Antoinette cried, hotly.

"Bosh! is your silly heart still mooning after that pauper runagate, Eldred?" cried her father, in trembling wrath. "I am shamed that you are a daughter of mine! Where is your pride, to be jilted and not resent it? But like it or not, marry Matthew you shall! Am I to have the roof under which I have lived for so many years, where I have worked my life out, and my children have been lorn and carried out dead except you, thankless girl, sold from over my gray head to please your idle whim? You may as well know that it depends on you whether this home and all that surrounds us follows all the rest that has gone into the speculations that Matthew has led me into—curse him—or whether you cancel it by this marriage and set me free. After all," he added, more gently, "it is not a bad thing for you, my girl. He is the richest man in the county, and he worships you. You should have seen him flush and tremble when he talked of you."

"Father, don't," gasped poor Antoinette, herself trembling so that she had to grasp the window-frame where she stood for support. "I can never marry him. I would rather die."

Her father grasped her by the arm and shook her violently.

"Look there," he said, hoarsely, pointing through the open window with shaking forefinger. "There lies the labor of five and thirty years. I conquered the forest on all those fields that lie there level as your hand. I planted every tree

that is all a-blossom there in that orchard—the finest in all this country of fine orchards. I pinched and toiled and put up with poor fare and work without rest for the sake of making this home mine. I have put my heart into those furrows—it has grown up in these trees. I am sixty years old and can never live this over again. Will yours be the hand to close these doors to me, to send me out into the world a pauper?"

Antoinette turned her white face to his.

"I will do as you wish," she said, simply, and went swiftly out of his presence.

She had begged a few weeks of grace, granted with great demur by her arrogant lover.

"Two or three weeks was time plenty to fuss with useless gew-gaws," he had declared, but in the end Antoinette's father had settled with a gruff oath that "the girl should have her own way in it," and given her a brief respite.

So the June blossoms had flung their fragrant petals to the winds, the roses had bloomed and faded, and now the September days were here holding still some sweet hot kisses of the summer-time, when the dreaded time drew near.

"I am sure that Harry is dead," my poor child said to me, "or I could never do this wicked thing. I never have doubted his love; falsehood was impossible to him. Only death can explain his silence, and for the rest of my desolate life what does anything matter? I can make my father happy and comfortable for the rest of his life by sacrificing myself in this, and that is all I will do. Matthew Harding cannot have my love nor my soul. Dead or alive, I gave all that to Harry forever, and if I have lost him here I know that in the hereafter we shall be together. If by any chance he is still living, even yet I may be saved. For if at the very last moment I should hear from him, no power on earth could give me to another."

But the days wore away all too swiftly, and no tidings ever came.

The feverish flush grew on Antoinette's cheek, her eyes looked larger and darker than ever.

The preparations for the wedding neared completion; the prospective bridegroom came and went, irritated and baffled by the coldness of the woman who was so nearly his and yet so unapproachably beyond his reach.

"You know why I marry you, Matthew," she said to him when he came for her to accept him. "Let there be no pretense of love between us. My father gives you his daughter in return for his home, and she submits; that is all there is in the bargain, I believe."

"But I do love you!" he cried.

"I don't love you!" she answered, calmly.

"But, woman, learn," he began, expostulatingly.

"I shall never learn," she interrupted; "don't delude yourself with any such hope. I do not deceive you. I told you long ago, when you sought me honorably instead of buying me, that I did not love you and could not marry you."

"But I swore to have you," he said, through his set teeth, "and you will find that I usually have my way. You may yet find that it is policy not to defy me," and he strode away with a face like a thunder-cloud.

With but half-hearted grace Antoinette helped sew the bridal outfit and prepare for the going out from home, as was the pretty custom of country-bred girls in those days.

Her father, in his relief, would not stint his only child in any customary gift.

Towels and table-cloths and linen of all kinds filled the great cedar chest that had been her mother's; the finest of fabrics and laces suitable to her station were bought for her wedding garments.

Wearily and silently Antoinette plied

her cunning needle. But often I caught a look upon her face, as we sewed together—for she brought her work to sit with me almost daily—that I could never quite understand.

At last came that last day of her girlhood.

The tears dripped from my eyes and plashed on my baby's rosy limbs, making her look up with wide-eyed wonder as I looked at my poor girl swaying back and forth in her chair with that hopeless look in her beautiful brown eyes, and the mirthless smile upon her lips.

"Don't speak like that, my darling," I cried, "you make me feel as if I, too, were guilty in this cruel fate that has come upon you, and, oh! how I wish with all my heart that I could save you from it."

"Never feel like that, little mother," she said, with the dear name that she often called me in her tenderest moments. You have been all that was kind and true; but for you I should have died. But come now, let's finish the robin's pretty dress and have no more tears over what we can't help."

And so with assumed cheerfulness my dear child caught up the unfinished garment and began to work.

"You take something else to sew to-day, auntie," she said. "I want to do this last little thing for my baby girl all myself."

Alas! the fine little ruffle lies unfinished to-day, yellow and tender with age, with the needle rusted into the last stitch that those loving fingers ever started to take for the little one whose own baby Antoinette has now grown to womanhood, and beside it in the old work-basket lies the little silver thimble just as she slipped it from her finger at the close of that September day, when, with a low cry, she flung herself on her knees at my side and burst into such a stormy tempest of sobs as she had never before allowed me to witness.

"Oh! my darling! my darling! don't cry so," I begged.

"No, don't stop me—don't speak," she sobbed, "let me cry it all out here on your faithful heart, as if you were, indeed, my mother; for who have I ever had but you? Oh! let me cry it out!"

And so I rocked and soothed my poor child as I would my own hurt baby, till at last the storm was over, and only heavy, tired sobs shook the slender little form that I held close in my arms.

Oh! sadly wrecked life! why was it ever brought into existence but to swell the great tide of human woe!

Early again the next morning she came to me.

White as the dead, with bright, feverish eyes and a face of utter despair, she threw herself upon a couch under the window.

"I could not bear it there," she said. "The voices, the smell of cooking, the confusion—all make me feel so deathly ill. And that man! O auntie! how can I ever let him hold my hand in his—speak those words! O God! forgive me! most unhappy, wretched creature that I am!"

Gradually I calmed and comforted her, while my own heart lay like lead in my bosom.

Up in the cool quiet east-room that she had always called hers when at my house, I persuaded her to lie down and try to sleep. Well I knew that those aching eyes had known no rest for many weary hours.

The air was soft and balmy. Outside, a graceful larch tree that she loved trailed its long slender branches against the pane.

The scent of mignonette came up softly from the garden below; the bees droned drowsily.

At last the eyelids drooped, the lips dropped into soft curves; for a brief hour my child was at rest for the last time among those who loved her.

She arose calm and refreshed, and the

rest of the day we spent in orchard and wood, going over all the haunts that we had loved.

Then at sunset we all went up to the white house on the hill, with what heavy hearts only God, and those who have tasted the lees in such a bitter cup, can ever know.

At eight o'clock all was ready.

White as her bridal robe, Antoinette stepped out of her room, and placed her hand for the first time on the arm of Matthew Harding, who stepped forward to meet her in the hall, and together they entered the parlor where the company was assembled.

Matthew, haughty and triumphant, spoke clearly the words that bound him to the white statue at his side, but when her lips moved no one heard the words she spoke.

It was all over. The supper, the finest ever spread for any bride in all that country, drew all eyes and attention.

The carriage was waiting to take them to the nearest town, the first part of their long wedding journey.

"Come!" whispered Antoinette to me, as they left the table, "I want only you."

And together we went to her room, where she rapidly changed her wedding garments, throwing them passionately from her as she took them off, as if she loathed them.

In a few moments she stood arrayed in her brown traveling suit, slender, elegant, with the hunted look gone out of her face, her smile almost natural.

"Will you ask Matthew to come here," she said, "and my father?"

I did as she requested, and they came back with me.

Closing the door she turned to Matthew.

"I have performed my part," she said, coldly, "are you prepared to fulfill your part of the contract?"

For reply he drew from his pocket a packet and handed it to her.

"There is the last existing sign of your father's indebtedness," he said. "Yesterday your father and I closed the last formality that clears his home, your gift to his old age."

"Is it all right—everything correctly done?" she asked, turning to her father.

"Yes, my daughter," he replied, as he bent to kiss her forehead, "my home is saved."

Without another word she unfolded and glanced at the papers, held them over the flame of a candle until the blaze almost reached her hand, and stamped the charred fragments upon the hearth.

Then she turned to me.

"I must run down and kiss my baby good-bye," she said. "Come, auntie, it will take but a moment through the orchard."

They all knew her love for the child, and though Matthew frowned slightly and said there was not much time to waste, no one wondered that she would not leave without seeing the little one, who had been left asleep with the servant at home.

Down the hill-path we sped, and into the house.

Antoinette kissed the slumbering child passionately, murmuring fondest words of endearment and farewell.

Then she turned to me.

"Say good-bye and God bless you to me here," she said, as she clasped her arms around me. "I could not bid you good-bye there before all that gaping crowd."

And here we kissed and wept and whispered our farewell.

"Now I am going," she said, at last. "Don't come with me. I want to think of you as you are now, with the little one—the two dearest of my life. God send my little namesake a happier fate than mine!"

A last kiss and she was gone.

It was not moonlight, but the night was clear, and the radiance of the stars made the evening like a soft, deep twilight.

I never thought of harm to her, I pictured only that lonely night drive of ten miles with the man that she detested, the beginning of a life journey, to end only at the grave.

And then I lay down across the bed where my baby daughter slept, and cried most bitterly until a sharp rap at the door of the outer room aroused me.

Going hastily to the door I was surprised to see Matthew Harding there, angry, as I saw at once.

"Where is my wife?" he asked, harshly. "An hour seems like a long leave-taking when one is waiting to set out on a journey."

"Your wife?" I said, half dazed, "Antoinette?"

"Of course, Antoinette!" he said, sharply. "I suppose she is my wife, little as she likes it. Tell her to come, at once."

"But she has gone—she went back long ago. She was not here five minutes. She must be waiting there."

I cried now, terribly frightened by a foreboding of some unexpected evil.

"She is not there, I tell you!" he said, savagely, as he stamped his foot. "And if you are helping her in some game to make a fool of me it will be the most cursed job that you ever put your hand to, that I promise you."

But I did not heed him, so great was my terror at my darling's fate, for something seemed to tell me that some awful thing had happened.

"Oh! come," I cried, grasping his arm, "come and search for her. Quick, or it may be too late," and I flew out into the night and up the orchard path.

She was not in her room, as I half hoped.

The wedding finery had been picked up and spread upon the bed; the corded trunks stood there; everything, even her gloves, was as she had touched and left it an hour before, but she was gone.

All night the dreary, fruitless search

went on, and still on through the wet, gray twilight of the dawning day.

Then her shawl, that she had thrown around her when I saw her last, was found, drenched and twisted, caught to some branches where the river rushed over the rocks in that deep, dark whirlpool where it rushed down through the narrow gorge to join the Susquehanna below.

Later on was found her handkerchief, bearing her name, miles away.

But we never found the mangled body that we sought, and soon my husband left the lonely scene that now had grown hateful to us all.

Ten years had passed. The horror of the Civil War was upon us and the great arteries of the nation were pouring forth their dearest life-blood to quench the fierce fires of warfare.

With others who gave their all, so I gave up all that made life to me—my husband—and entered the ranks of those waiting ones who merged their whole lives into one long strain of agony for those upon the field.

Oh! I wonder how we lived through those dreadful days of heartbreak, when every name beneath that awful word "Killed" cut like a bullet through some waiting heart at home.

My blow fell at last. Not thus all at once, but in news that drew me with irresistible force through every obstacle until I stood beside my soldier in time to receive his last fond look and word.

On this I cannot linger. It is enough to say that I could not die, nor could I sit down with folded hands to weep.

As an officer's wife I received help to carry out my wishes and was permitted the privilege of giving a woman's loving care to those of our noble boys who were placed in my charge when wounded, and thus to help heal my own wounded heart.

Many another woman shared my task, as, now here, now there, we were sent where most needed to allay suffering.

I had grown used to my position and to the harrowing sights that at first had turned me faint and cold, and was considered now an experienced and efficient nurse.

At the side of our surgeon I entered a hastily improvised hospital one autumn afternoon, ready for the painful duties before me.

There had been a sharp engagement, and they were still bringing in scores of wounded.

One after another the heavy ambulances rolled up and discharged their painful burdens until every available spot was occupied.

We set to work immediately and had just finished making one poor fellow as comfortable as we could from his gaping wound, when, glancing up, I grasped the surgeon's arm and almost fell.

He looked at me astonished.

"Yes, it was bad," he said, "but you—*you* never before—"

"It was not that," I said, recovering myself, "it was a shock, a surprise."

Can the grave give up its dead? For there, not ten feet from me, and not greatly changed, stood Antoinette.

Surely there could be no mistake. She looked some older, a little thinner, and more careworn, and a few gray threads shone among her rippling brown tresses; aside from this she looked almost as she did when she bade me farewell.

She had not seen me, but was intent upon the task before her. Calm, alert, skillful, all this I saw she was at a glance.

"Who is she—the nurse at the right? do you know her?" I asked the surgeon.

"That? the one in gray? Miss Harding, I believe, is her name, one of the best nurses on the force."

I did not disturb her, nor did she discover me.

Not until the next day, when the worst of our labor was over, did I seek her.

Then, once more face to face, amid those dark scenes of suffering and death,

we clasped living hands and took up again the threads of life together.

And there during that lonely bivouac she told me the missing chapters of her story.

On that night when she had left me, it was to carry out the plan that she had conceived of escaping the fate awaiting her as the result of her marriage.

Not even to me had she dared confide her plot, lest it might lead me into trouble, and only by her supposed death had she felt sure of escaping the persecutions of the man whom she hated.

"I was desperate, frenzied, hopeless," she said, as she related her story, "but I was determined to escape or die."

"When my father gave me a little sum—three or four hundred dollars—that had come from some property that was my mother's, I made up my mind that it should set me free. And from that hour I made my plans."

"After I left you that night I followed along the river until I reached the spot where I left my shawl and handkerchief, then I struck into the woods, following an old road that I knew, and slept that night in a deserted cabin where I had previously hidden a heavy cloak and some food."

"I had my money, and after that walk through the forest was accomplished, and I reached the nearest railway fifteen miles away, it was an easy matter to do the rest."

"I was a stranger, and a thick veil protected me from any chance recognition. Once in a great city and I was safe."

"As apprentice to a dressmaker I soon had the means of an honest livelihood to depend upon, and was at peace."

"Of course I was lonely, and never quite happy, remembering all that I had lost, but we grow accustomed to our fate, whatever it may be, and I accepted mine."

"After a year or so I wrote to you, but no answer ever came."

"When need came for nurses I was fortunate enough to be chosen among the

number and have been on active duty many months."

Weeks went by. Side by side my child and I carried on our work of love, as nearly happy as either of us could ever expect to be.

At last, after a bitterly contested battle as our wounded were being cared for, I was startled by a woman's sharp cry. In an instant I was on my feet.

A few steps away knelt Antoinette beside a prostrate form not more ghastly than she.

I hastened to her side.

"Oh! it is Harry!" she gasped, lifting pitiful eyes from the mangled form before her.

It was indeed Harry Eldred, bronzed and bearded, with a colonel's straps upon his broad shoulders, and the shadow of death upon his face.

A few words to the surgeon of our force, and he was given such comfort and seclusion as was possible, while Antoinette held tender vigil at his side.

There was no hope for him, a few hours only was left to him of life. But it gave him consciousness and strength to recognize and speak to the faithful woman at his side, who had given him a deathless love.

It was a briefly told tale of forged and intercepted letters, that was murmured in painful snatches during that wind-swept night, but it cleared the clouds from two faithful hearts, and the coming dawn saw new-found peace written on those two faces—one living and one dead.

"He always loved me," Antoinette

said joyfully, through her tears, as she bent above him for her last kiss.

We were again on duty. An engagement was taking place, and in the rear, where the ambulance wagons were drawn up, surgeons and their assistants were seeking to relieve the suffering of the writhing, groaning men who filled the tents and the old barn that had been turned into a temporary hospital.

In this latter place, quiet and collected, Antoinette was deftly bathing and bandaging the cruel wounds before her.

Suddenly there was a confusion and outcry. The enemy had made an unexpected detour and were pressing in upon us to the left where our hospital tents were pitched.

The swift discharge of guns and the hiss of shells grew every moment nearer and more distinct.

Antoinette rose to her feet from the last form in the row stretched beside her, and for a moment paused and stood beside the little window near, looking out over the smoke-veiled field.

In that instant a shell went hurtling through the air, and I saw Antoinette turn suddenly half around and then fall heavily forward.

A fragment of the shell had struck her in the breast.

I sprang to her side. Great spurts of blood were flowing from the wound.

She opened her eyes and smiled up into my face.

"I am—so—glad!" she said, faintly, and the story of Antoinette was ended.

SEDDIE P. SMITH.

THE chief thing to be done for those who are in trouble is to enable them to stand upon their own feet, to be brave and strong, to see the sun shining through the clouds, and thus to receive the education which such experiences are able to give. True friendship in calamity

will spare no pains and leave no means untried to further these results.

SUCCESS can never be given; it must be earned by our own labor, won by our own energy if we are ever to call it ours.

MESSER ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE CREMONA VIOLIN.

IT had such a curious way of telling its story, this old Italian violin. At first, when it began to speak, the listeners could only hear vague sounds which trembled, moaned indistinctly. But ever and again there arose a whole wave of harmonies that formed themselves into words which were comprehended by some, but not by all, for the most beautiful and highest things in the world need translation before they can be understood by the commonplace. It is only the nightingales that understand what it is that the nightingales sing.

But at last all heard one word—Cremona—and, as they heard it they caught a glimmering of what Cremona must have been in the bygone, long-dead days, even before this violin had taken form. Cremona! city of music—city of love—of impassioned strains and long-drawn sighs, of workers and toilers for the perfecting of instruments with which to make perfect music! That one word told of the soul these men had put into their work—yea, of the love they bore it. It was as if every string strung in the city of music vibrated with the sound of that one word—"Cremona."

I was born at Cremona (said the Violin). I would you could have seen our workshop. For centuries it had been the workshop of the world-famed, world-admired violins. I, myself, am but a latter-day descendant of the old race, possessing some of the qualities of my ancestors save the accumulated knowledge that each true artist brings to the perfecting of his craft. Knowledge is the world's great inheritance—a patrimony that each son of the earth may enjoy.

212

But to return to the house wherein was our workshop. It was tall, many-storied, with high gables and narrow windows that overlooked a courtyard in the centre of which stood a fountain, or rather a well; before the noonday heats and after the sun had gone down, the women used to come with their high earthen pitchers and gossip and sing, awaiting their turn to fill their pitchers. And the songs they sang floated in to us on the warm perfumed air, and the violins learned them so that they knew music even before they were made. I tell you every particle of a violin must feel music within it if the violin is to make it.

It was such a pretty sight, this courtyard with its white uneven flag-stones, and its pots of oleanders and orange-trees, and the great vine crawling up the house-side like a serried throng of lusty soldiers up a mountain-steep. But women were needed to make the picture complete, and there were mostly women there, for besides those that came to fetch water, there were some who lived in the houses that formed three sides of the square courtyard which had but one narrow egress.

These women were mostly washerwomen by profession, and their variegated clothes hung out to dry in the wind made a stir of life in the sleepy courtyard. Besides these there was one other woman, the keeper of the fruit-stall, and her fruits made a fine patch of color in the most shadowy corner.

Here it was that the apprentices, who were not always as eager to work as Messer Antonio, came to quench their thirst with the ripe, luscious fruit so temptingly displayed. I knew many of

them, for it takes a long time for a violin to become matured, and it is one of the apprentices whose story I will tell.

It was in the beginning of June; the strong sun was shining as brightly as if it had not been shining ever since the world began. Messer Antonio, with his sleeves well tucked up, was putting a touch of varnish on a violin. He was so sunburnt that the golden varnish almost seemed to be of the same color as his long arms and his great hands that touched the violin so lightly and tenderly.

A woman was crossing the courtyard, tall and stately, with a dignified walk that seemed to give the lie to the peasant's dress she wore. A little child, hardly able to walk, was clinging to the shapely yet labor-marked hand. The little fingers closed so firmly round the mother's that it seemed that the child knew by the contact alone how great was the support the mother *could* give.

The woman looked up at our house as if in bygone days she had known it well, scanning it narrowly as if to discover if it were indeed unaltered. She seemed irresolute and strangely timid. She hesitated a long time before she took courage to enter.

It was the hour of noonday rest, and the apprentices had all dispersed. Messer Antonio alone remained working. He always loved to apply these cunning touches of his when he was quite by himself; the idle chatter of his workmen, who were young and giddy, disturbed him. He, having so great a reverence for his art, loved to practice it in silence and alone, and I, for one, could not wonder at it.

I heard the woman's step on the stairs. I think she must have been carrying the little one, for I heard only one footfall; but at the threshold she paused, and I heard a sound as if the little one had been placed on its feet.

Then the door opened, and I felt a tremulous excitement creep over me; but

Messer Antonio seemed to hear nothing, but worked on steadily, evidently much satisfied with his results, for there was a contented smile upon his face that meant, "It is well done."

The woman entered, holding her child to her closely. She was pale under the sunburn on her cheeks, but she advanced quite steadily, and came within a yard of Messer Antonio. He looked up suddenly and gave a great start; the ruddy color forsook his face; he let fall his dearly-loved violin. It fell with a great clatter, and he gave a hoarse cry of "Maddalena!" but there was nothing soft, nothing pitiful in the cry; rather one would have said a curse than a cry.

She fell down on her knees, like the peasant women do before the image of our Blessed Lady that stands at the corner of the courtyard, and stretched out her hands in supplication; but he neither spoke nor moved.

Then—"Father!" she cried, appealingly.

He looked at her angrily and the great veins of his forehead stood out like cords, and the hot passionate blood mounted to his face, and he cried, roughly, "What do *you* do here?"

Then she answered, almost softly: "I crave forgiveness and mercy, father."

"I do not know them," he answered, coldly, and would have turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it toward him.

"Forgiveness for me, and mercy for my child," she said, but the little one, seeing its mother on her knees, plucked at her gown and looked defiantly at the man who was frightening her.

Messer Antonio turned an angry look upon the child, but in some wonderful fashion a little softening smile crept into the hard lines of his mouth.

"What do you here?" he asked again, but a little less roughly. "Did I not bid you go with your accursed husband, since you elected to wed him? I told you I

would never look upon your face again. Is he dead, then, that you have come back to me?"

He said this so brutally, one would not have recognized Messer Antonio.

"He is dead," she answered, quietly, but with a great despair in her voice that made every word she uttered seem like a knife-thrust. "Dead to me—he has left me!"

"Left you?" There was a fiendish glee on Messer Antonio's face. "Left you!—and you have come to me!"

"Listen," she said, breathlessly, and rose from her knees and confronted her father. "Let me speak! I will confess at once that you were right and I was wrong. You told me he was a ne'er-do-well, a scoundrel, a beggar who married me because I was a rich man's daughter—and I, I, who loved him as woman love in hell—tell you that you were right. He was all you said and more. He was so bad, so cowardly, so devilishly cruel that I would sell my soul to be revenged on him!" (She stamped her foot as if she could not express her anger sufficiently by any other way, and the great, passionate tears rained from her eyes.) "But I can do nothing! I am a helpless woman with a little child. Therefore I come to you; not on account of the love you have ceased to bear me, but for revenge. You were always revengeful, and I bring you Filippo. I give him to you! He is my darling; the apple of my eye; the very all of me; and I bring him to you to make of him my avenger. Do what you will with him. Here he is—but avenge me!"

She spoke in short, sharp breaths, panting with anger, but at the end she exhausted herself. She would have fallen prostrate to the ground, but that Messer Antonio caught her and laid her, not ungraciously, on the wooden bench which the apprentices used. He was silent for a moment, and stood with bent head, pondering over her words.

"I do not think it was emotion that subdued him, but a little wonder at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"If this is the reason of your coming, Maddalena, you are welcome," he said at last, and this is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child, came among us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay.

"I do not come as a beggar," she answered Messer Antonio, when he spoke some words of protest at her departure, and she spoke with the self-reliant air that I knew so well in Messer Antonio. "I can work—I do work. I could not come back here and eat your bread after you had cursed me and bidden me begone from your presence; and"—with a sudden gush of feeling that melted the rigid lines in her face—"I could not return here and live here, where I dreamt my girlish, fond dreams of happiness with him! The very stones in the courtyard would seem to jeer at me! A thousand stinging memories would crowd in upon me to madden me. No, I could not live here, but I will leave Filippo to you, if you like! Bring him up in ignorance of me! Swear to me you will make of him an instrument to avenge me!"

And now she turned to go. "Good-bye, father," she said, and a great tremor shook her sonorous voice; she stooped and lifted little Filippo in her arms, and clasped him to her breast with hungry ferocity, and kissed him as if she fain would have left her life upon his lips; but Filippo, not understanding, burst into a passion of childish tears. "You will be kind to him," said Maddalena, huskily. Then I noticed that Messer Antonio was standing with his huge back turned toward us all, and that his voice was very thick when he answered, almost gently, "I will do my duty by him."

And many a day and oft have I seen Maddalena stand at the corner of the courtyard, there where the shadows lie the thickest, to catch a glimpse of Filippo as he passed; and once when he was play-

ing amongst the children, I saw her snatch him up and cover him with kisses. My heart went out to her, poor hungry-eyed mother, poor deserted wife! but I could not make my sympathy known to her—which is the way of the world, you see. Those who suffer most, say least; those who wish to speak, find the words wanting. They are, like I was then, a violin without strings.

And after some time Maddalena came no more, and I could but conjecture that the fire and grief within her had consumed her.

The years went on, and I would scarcely have marked their passing had not Filippo grown into Filippo, that is to say, from a curly-haired, chubby-cheeked child into a slender brown-skinned boy, and then into the most beautiful of youths. There are few things on earth as lovely to look upon as he was, and when he grew old enough to sit with the other apprentices on the long bench, and learn Messer Antonio's craft, there was none to compare with him in beauty of person or in the deftness which he showed in the making of violins. He put his soul into his work, as indeed every artist should; but he also possessed a most wonderful instrument of his own, in the form of the loveliest voice that had ever been given to mortal man. When he sang, his voice sounded like a thousand strings in unison. There were tones in it that reminded me of the sound of church bells, which floats in through the open windows, and brings with it its divine message of peace. There was a solemnity and yet a gayety in it that told of a reflective mind and of a gay young heart.

But the strangest thing of all was, that Messer Antonio, who could not but love the lad, yet hated to hear him sing; this was all the more curious, as he was so gifted a musician that it seemed to me as if all true music must needs have been delight in his ears.

As I have said, many years passed, and nothing of any importance happened, until one day a bearded stranger entered, who greeted Messer Antonio as if he had been acquainted with him in bygone days.

"You do not recognize me," he said; "yet, Messer Antonio, I was once an apprentice here, and it is to you I owe the renown I have gained. I am Giuseppe Nardi, whose violins almost rival yours."

Messer Antonio looked right glad to see him. "You are a great honor to me," he said. "I am always proud of you. Are you well—and married?"

Nardi shook his head. "No," he said, sombrely, "I told you then, I tell you now, life ended for me when *she* left us."

Messer Antonio stood silent for a little while, and then he pointed to Filippo, who sat amongst the apprentices. None of them, so much in awe were they of their master, durst lift their eyes from their work.

"That is Maddalena's son," he said. Giuseppe Nardi gave a great start.

"Her son?" he asked. "Then where is she? was she not happy, my beloved one—tell me, for pity's sake, she is not dead?"

"I know not," answered Messer Antonio, slowly, "whether she be alive or dead. Seventeen years ago she brought me her little one, brought him to me with but one desire, that I should educate him to avenge her. That villain, her husband, still lives, and Filippo shall be taught revenge when he is man enough to understand it. It is no boy's revenge but a man's that we need; in two years he will be twenty-one, and then my day will be at hand."

Giuseppe looked at Messer Antonio. "That is very wrong," he said, gravely. "Maestro, he is a beautiful youth, and so deft with his hands. Make of him a useful man—you have made me one—and forego your revenge."

"He is only an instrument to

said Messer Antonio; "he means nothing but the dagger with which to stab a traitor. What, have you forgotten Madalena? Had you seen her seventeen years ago you would not have spoken of forgiveness—for *him*."

"Have I forgotten her?" asked Nardi. He had such a pleasant voice it was good to listen to it, even when it rang out sharp, laden with poignant regret. "Does my life not prove that I have *never* forgotten her? Yet my every thought is of the past joyous days, when I was young, and loved, and fancied myself beloved. But this boy now—with the golden light in his eyes—why should he not be a happy man and a stay to your old age?"

"My old age requires no stay," said the Maestro, and drew himself up proudly, and, indeed, he seemed so vigorous that it was almost an absurdity to talk of old age to him.

Nardi sighed. "I wish I could persuade you," he said.

"But you cannot," answered Messer Antonio. "No one, as you well know, has ever succeeded in diverting me from my purpose. I am too old to change now."

"May I speak to the lad?"

"As much as you like."

Then Nardi walked over to the apprentices' bench and held out his hand to Filippo. "I used to sit here when I was young, and—I knew your mother, Filippo. I want you to remember that if ever you want a friend you have but to come or to send to Giuseppe Nardi of Florence. I will always help you for the sake of by-gone days."

The young man looked up in surprise. "I thank you, sir," he answered, "and will think of your words, and if aught hereon to make me require friendly aid I will come to you."

"That is right, my lad," said Nardi, heartily, but he turned away with something like a sigh. He made his adieu to Messer Antonio, left, but returned of a

sudden. "The singer Brondoni," he asked, under his breath, "is the man—is he not? Remember, I never knew aught, save that I had lost her."

"Yes," answered Messer Antonio, fiercely, "that is the cursed villain!"

"Can the lad sing?"

"Yes."

"You will make him his father's rival on the stage then?"

"I had never thought of *that*. I had a far more vulgar way of snuffing him out—but, per Dio! you are a man of invention."

"I wish you would forego this revenge."

"I will *die* first," said Messer Antonio, and he spoke as if he meant it.

The next occurrence that impressed me with a sense of importance was of a much softer character—indeed, it was, what was then, and always will be, the loveliest thing in a world brimful of lovely things to me—namely, a pair of young lovers, very young, very shy, feeling love for the first time, so ignorant of love itself that they scarce knew it had come to them. Words were few between them, yet there was a subtle language, spoken by their eyes and even by the movement of their hands, that was most eloquent. I was so happy to be a witness of it, for though I had an intuition that there was something called love in the world, yet I had never seen it. I knew of vague yearnings, dim longings, confused medley of sounds that needed but one thing to make them into music. I knew of all that ever since I came into being, only it was all so difficult to me, and of a sudden all grew quite clear. That was when first I saw Filippo and the little Maria, whom I had seen grow up from childhood into shy girlhood together.

Maria was the daughter of the woman who kept the fruit-stall which the apprentices patronized, and she had always been so pretty that she was a joy to look at. Her tawny curls ran riot over her fore-

head, clung to the arch of her eyebrows and strayed down from her head to dance on her shoulder. It use to remind me of a beautiful silken net in which birds might be snared. I think that neither Filippo nor I, nor she herself dreamt that she was approaching womanhood until this very afternoon I speak of.

It was Mid Lent; Messer Antonio had given his apprentices leave to enjoy themselves as they saw fit on this one holiday plucked from amid the sombre fast days. All of them were away carousing save Filippo, who, having the love of his craft strong in him, was intent on shaping a beautiful piece of seasoned wood. I heard a timid rap at the door, and when Filippo had cried "Come in," I know not who was the more surprised, he or Maria, when the latter entered.

"I have come to see Messer Antonio," said the girl, shyly. "Mother sent me to ask concerning the rent. It has been told us that the padrone wishes to increase it, and indeed, we are too poor to pay more."

"I know nothing of it," answered Filippo. "Messer Antonio does not confide in any one, but I hope he will not increase your rent. He is quite rich enough as it is, he has no one belonging to him in this world to whom he could leave his money." Now I knew that Filippo ignored his relationship to Messer Antonio. "But he is not in the house just now. Will you sit down and wait?"

"Thank you," answered the girl, simply, and Filippo pulled out the bench on which the apprentices sat and made room for her; I think it must have been the first time in his life that he noticed how pretty she was, for he looked at her with much attention, so much so that the girl blushed and finally asked him, "Why are you looking at me?"

Filippo smiled. He knew far too little of women to feel shy with them.

"I will tell you why," he answered. "In the church of San Giovanni there is a picture of the Blessed Virgin" (and

Filippo, who notwithstanding the banter of the apprentices still remained unaffectedly pious, here crossed himself); "when you took this seat you had the same beautiful serene look that charms me so in her."

"You should not compare me to the Blessed Virgin."

"Why not," asked Filippo. "Indeed, Maria, I do it in all reverence."

She made no answer, but her dusky cheek grew hot with vermilion blushes.

Filippo worked on a little while, but presently laid down his tools and seated himself next to Maria on the bench. "I am sorry about the rent," he said. "Are you quite sure Messer Antonio does intend to increase it?"

"I fear so, and then I know not what we should do, for here, you see, we are well known, and each morning the apprentices buy fruit from us because we are near—but so they would from any stranger, and our place would soon be filled up; but we—we must go out into the world and starve, for indeed we are too poor to pay more."

"You must not go away," said Filippo, softly, with a little emphatic stress on the "you" that made the girl blush again.

"Ah!" she said, shyly, "I know you would help us, but how can you? Messer Antonio is a hard man."

"He is a very just man," answered the lad, gravely, "and if you will let me, I will plead your cause for you."

"Will you?" she asked, joyously. "I should be so grateful. I am a little, only a very little, afraid of him, you know. I do not understand him."

Filippo smiled. "I do not fear him at all," he said. "He is always good to me and just."

"Then I will go," she said; but she showed no great alacrity.

"Why?" asked Filippo. "See, I am here quite alone, and would be so happy if you would stay with me a little longer."

"My mother will want me."

"Your mother can have you always, whilst I have naught but this little stolen half hour of you. Do you know that since you have left off your childish garments, I have never had much talk with you, although I have seen you daily."

"But did you ever want to talk to me?"

"Oh! yes," cried Filippo—"very often! I know a great deal about you. It seems to me that I know what things you would like, and what you would dislike. Sometimes when we make a beautiful violin, I long to show it to you; and, again, when a song takes my fancy, I long to sing it to you."

"You think of me so much then?" asked little Maria, shyly. "I never thought you noticed me at all. You always walk through the courtyard so proudly, and never stop to chatter like the other apprentices. It always made me so unhappy, for I wondered how I could have angered you; but of course I could not tell."

"So you thought of me, too?" questioned Filippo, and drew almost imperceptibly nearer to her, and looked into her eyes for his answer.

"Of course I thought of you, too," said Maria, "for though you passed us by so proudly, I knew you had a friendly feeling for me."

"Only a friendly feeling?"

Maria blushed. "I do not know," she stammered; then, seeing that Filippo had drawn nearer to her and was looking for his answer, "How can I tell what men feel?" she asked.

"Ah!" answered Filippo, "it seems to me you could easily tell what I feel, for you know that whenever I have met you, my eyes have sought yours and have tried to express everything that my mouth dared not, and you were not ill-pleased, I know."

And then there fell between the twain a few moments of delicious silence.

Maria's eyes were downcast. Filippo was trying to put into words a new conviction that had come upon him, but for a long time he could not. At last he said, with a certain awkward hesitation that did not sit ungracefully on him:

"Maria, had you ever dreamt of loving any one?"

Maria looked up startled; her eyes gave a sudden flash. "I do not know," she murmured.

But Filippo scarcely heeded her answer. "Because I have—often!" he cried, with growing passion. "I have dreamt of it all through the summer nights and winter days. Whenever I have heard anything that was beautiful, anything that was good, I have known that love must needs be like it, and even more divine. And now, Maria, I know that my dreams of what love must be are true, and that it is *you* whom I love."

He had knelt down beside her and reverently taken her hand in his. The two young heads were very close together, each pair of burning eyes looking into the other's, and suddenly, as if by magic, their mouths met, and ere either of them had realized the other's action, their lips were clinging in a first lovers' kiss.

"You must be my little wife, Maria," whispered Filippo, and she drooped her head on his shoulder like a flower on its stem, but said nothing.

Then suddenly there was heard a great clatter up the stone stairs.

"The padrone!" gasped poor little Maria, and without another word she sped down the stairs, through the courtyard, and hid herself within the shelter of her mother's house.

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"Was that not the little Maria who ran past me down the stair? She was like a little whirlwind. What brought her?"

Messer Antonio was evidently in great good-humor. He was not looking at Filippo when he asked the question; but

when the lad answered, he turned round sharply.

"She and her mother had heard a rumor that you intended increasing their rent. I hope it is not so, *padrone*." It was only the sound of his voice, only the tremulousness in it, the tender way in which the "she" fell from the lad's lips, and yet Messer Antonio *knew*. His ruddy cheek turned pale. He faced the lad suddenly and looked at him fixedly.

"Whew!" he said—a long-drawn whistle, and that was all. Messer Antonio cruelly waited for Filippo to speak first.

"I hope you will not be hard on them, *padrone*, for I love her and have asked her to be my wife." He said it quite boldly; it was true that he did not fear Messer Antonio. It seemed to me that the old man was making a mental calculation as to what course he should take. He did not look *very* pleasant when he said:

"You are very young, Filippo."

"I shall grow older," said the lad. "Besides everything is so vague as yet. We should not want to marry for a long time. My wage is not sufficient."

"Oh!" quoth Messer Antonio, with a sigh of relief. "Listen to me. Of course it is nothing to me; you are not bound to do my wishes. Gratitude counts for nothing in this world, and you are your own master. But this very day I made some arrangements which I thought might please you. They will not interfere with your matrimonial engagements, in which, of course, you can please yourself entirely. Everybody manages their own marriages—mismanages, I might say. But if you will follow my advice, you could far better afford to keep a wife in a little while than by working out your time with me. For the matter of that, you were never properly apprenticed and are an independent workman. Well, Filippo, to begin the matter, you have a money-making machine in that throat of yours in the shape of a beautiful voice."

VOL. LXI.—16

Filippo looked up much surprised. "Why, I thought you hated to hear me sing, *padrone*."

"But you have a fine voice, nevertheless," answered the *padrone*, dryly. "The best tenor in Italy, I think, when it is cultivated, which it shall be by the finest master in the world. Now do not thank me. I have private reasons for what I do. A grudge which I owe to Brondoni, the tenor whom I want supplanted. He thinks he can sing, the vain fool! Why, every note he sings rings false, as only a villain's notes can sound, and he shall be hissed off the stage yet, and 'tis you who shall show the people what singing means!"

"Can I do that, *padrone*?"

"You can—you shall; you are a musician. And as for that little revenge of mine, it need not concern you. Play into my hands, that is all, and as for the little Maria, it will be a proud day for her when she is the great tenor's wife!"

Filippo looked as if the news were too good to be true. With a sudden impulse he seized Messer Antonio's toil-worn hands and kissed them.

"I will do all you tell me, *padrone*," he cried, "and I will work for your sake and for my Maria's!"

"That is right," answered the old man. "I trust you, Filippo; remember that you do not disappoint me."

—
And now there must be a little gap in my narrative, for I was presently pronounced to be a finished instrument and removed to the keeping of a most excellent musician, and so was at last permitted to make music, which needs must be the greatest desire of a violin.

—
We were all much excited on the evening of which I am about to tell you, for there was to be the first representation of a great work by the famous master Gluck. There was always a great feeling against German music in Italy, and it was with

difficulty that this work was allowed to be performed. I had been with my master to rehearsals, and had been delighted with a certain tenor whom all men called Filippo Filippino, but whom I knew to be my own dear Filippo, who was singing a part which has since been sung by women, so fresh was his voice. And all along I heard great discussions as to how "Brondoni" would take his dismissal from his post of *primo tenore*. Of course my knowledge that Brondoni was none other than Filippo's father added great piquancy to this performance. It seemed to me that no one knew it except myself, and I counted for nothing, for I was but a violin in the orchestra—one voice among many, but for all that I knew a great deal, and looked forward with no small excitement to the evening's performance.

Well, it is divine music—we all know that—and as for my Filippo, he was perfect. I had looked around for Messer Antonio, and sure enough I had found him, radiant, glowing with pride, and next to him, in the full charm of her young womanhood, sat Maria.

"Dear lad! He has been faithful to her, then," I thought with satisfaction, for Maria's presence with Messer Antonio was a sure sign that Filippo was still her betrothed, if not her husband.

The first part went superbly. Filippo surpassed himself, and then suddenly there arose, I know not whence, a sinister rumor. It was whispered first among the musicians in the orchestra—whispered by some with horror, by others with derisive smiles and shrugs, and when the curtain was over-long in rising, I knew the report must have reached Filippo, and the rumor was—"Brondoni has stabbed himself!"

It came upon me like a thunderbolt. Did Messer Antonio know? I wondered that he sat there so erect so sure of himself, so proud of Filippo's success, and then I trembled at the horror of it all, for

it meant nothing else but that, through the son's instrumentality, the father had made away with himself. It was so horrible. My poor, unsuspecting Filippo singing away so lustily for art's sake, for Maria's sake, for love's sake; all the time an instrument of revenge—himself innocent of all revenge.

I thought of Giuseppe Nardi. "Forego revenge," he had said. And then I remembered Messer Antonio's answer: "I am too old to be diverted from my purpose," and it seemed to me that the world had become more jangled and out of tune than ever, and that no amount of striving could ever put it right.

Yes, the news traveled to Messer Antonio, for he had become impatient of the delay, had asked the reason, and had learned it. I saw the ruddy color leave his cheeks, the sunken eyes flare up, and then suddenly he sank back in his seat, an inert mass. Most likely the horror of it had burst upon him; perhaps for the first time he realized that he had made of the son the father's murderer.

Maria's thought were revealed in her face. Her anxious eyes gazed at the curtain. Doubtless she was impatient to witness her lover's further triumph, and a little anxious withal lest aught should ail him. Presently there was commotion on the stage behind the curtain. Filippo's young voice rang out lustily, louder than any other.

"Of course we will continue; why not? I am sorry, of course; but why should Brondoni's death stop us? A man should learn to take defeat. It is only cowards who kill themselves!" said the bold voice, whose owner had never known what it was to suffer a day's unhappiness. "And he was not worth much—Messer Antonio always said he was a villain!" there seemed to me almost a cry of exultation over the defeated and dead singer.

"Oh! hush—I pray you hush!" said another voice, in an agonized whisper.

The curtain was still down, and we of

the orchestra could hear, but not the audience.

"I will not hush!" said Filippo, impatiently. Perhaps the thought of his beautiful sweetheart and how she had come to enjoy his success, made him a little ruthless. "Are we to stop a whole performance because a man has killed himself, Nardi?"

Then I felt a little relieved, for I remembered that Nardi knew, and would surely tell the lad in the gentlest manner why it was that he, of all singers, must sing no more that night.

"You must stop!" said Nardi, firmly.

"You are mad!" cried Filippo. "Leave the stage, Nardi, and ring the curtain up."

Then I knew that he must be told, and at once. I heard Nardi say again:

"You must not, Filippo! *You*, of all men, must not sing."

"Why I?" cried Filippo, furiously. "Why *I*, of all men? What was Brondoni to me that I must not sing because he is dead?"

There was a little pause and it seemed to me as if Filippo even must have begun to suspect something, for his voice was hoarse when he whispered, "Speak!"

"He was your father," said Nardi, simply.

"You lie!" was the answer, in sharp, decisive tones.

"It is God's truth," answered Nardi. "He was my rival. We both loved Madalena, Messer Antonio's daughter—your mother. He won her, married her, and deserted her, and this is Messer Antonio's revenge."

"Do you know what it is you are saying?" cried the lad. "Do you know that I have this man's blood on my head, and that if he is my father, I have killed my father? Do you know that I have worked to supplant him, that my one aim

was to show the people what a worthless singer he was, that I have driven him to his death, and you tell me quietly he is my father? It is horrible—horrible!" No one spoke, and then suddenly Filippo cried, "Where is Messer Antonio—my grandfather—that I may have my revenge on him?"

"Leave revenge," said Nardi, once more. "There has been too much revenge already!"

And so it was that the great master Gluck's work was not performed in its entirety, and that gradually the astonished audience left the theatre, and I was sad at heart, indeed, and wondered what end there could be to so calamitous a story.

For a long time I heard nothing more, for Filippo never sang again, but one evening we had been taking part in a grand mass that had been performed in the cathedral. As we came out of the dark church into the still night air, we stumbled against a monk, who was crouching in the shade of the porch, trying, it seemed to me, to hear the notes of the voluntary, which the organist was playing.

"Pardon," said the monk, as we stumbled against him, and the white face, wan in the moonlight, and the voice were Filippo's; and it seemed to me not unlikely that he should have taken his sorrow and his remorse and consecrated them with himself to the service of God, not as a criminal does, but as a victim.

Of Messer Antonio and of Maria I heard that he had endowed the latter with all his wealth, and that she was about to be married to a well-known maker of violins. Poor little Maria! I suppose she was not an instrument of very fine tone herself—but then we cannot all be violins of Cremona.

ALAN ADAIR.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THE HILDRETH CHILDREN MADE THE CURRANT JELLY.

"SHALL I wear my traveling-dress, Emeline, or will my seersucker do?" Mrs. Willis leaned over the banisters to catch the answering voice that came from Mrs. Hildreth below.

"The seersucker, by all means; it's going to be a warm day, and it's a long drive over there. I shall put on a gingham and I shall wear my shade hat; as for putting on a bonnet in this weather I can't."

And Mrs. Hildreth, who by this time had come out into the hall, looked up the stairs, and added:

"If Aunt Caxton thinks we are not dressed up enough she will probably take a good deal of comfort in looking us over and letting us know it."

An answering laugh came from the room above, as Mrs. Willis replied:

"I'll abide by what you say, and take the consequences; the gingham will certainly be cooler," and the two sisters returned to their rooms.

Mrs. Willis, with her husband and little daughter, were spending a few weeks at the farm with Mrs. Hildreth, her only sister, and the two took great comfort and pleasure together during the long summer days. This morning in late June they were to drive to a town near by where lived an aged aunt. A wonderfully bright and interesting old lady, but very exacting, who never failed to find some shortcomings in her nieces, let them be ever so particular in the respect they paid her. Meanwhile the carriage was ready, and the two gentlemen sat waiting for their wives. Mrs. Hildreth was seen going from room to room, closing blinds and arranging shades, to leave things comfortable and in order.

"One never knows what may happen, and I always like to feel that everything is in order should I be brought home ill," was what she often told her friends.

"Where do you suppose the children are, Bridget?" she called, as she stepped

into the kitchen. "I heard them in the garden not long ago, but they are not in sight now."

"Shure and they do be afther goin' up in the lot foreninst the barn. I gave 'em a bit of a loonch and a sup of milk whin they came in wid the koorants—bad luck to the same thracked all over me kitchen flure," and Bridget, down on her knees, made sundry dabs here and there as she wiped up the currant juice.

"I am sorry if they have made you extra work," said Mrs. Hildreth, in her quiet way. "How many currants did they pick?"

"The whole of 'em loogged in a good pile, mum, p'raps a tin quart pail, an' I don't know an' p'raps it do be more. The little Andrewses was here too, mum, an' they worruked quite steady an' reasonable." And Bridget looked quite amicable as she got up and put away her floor-cloth. "Now have a good time, mum, and be aisy about the childer, an' it's goin' to be a foiner day, an' you'd bether be afther sthartin' before the sun gets too high," and she hurried out with shawls, to receive the last instructions before the party drove away.

"Be sure that they have a comfortable lunch and don't let them go off on any long tramp, or start about any remarkable plan to-day; and don't forget to feed the hens and those two lame chickens that are shut up in—" but here Mr. Hildreth gave a decided snap with the whip, and the carriage rolled quickly away and out of sight.

"Now, Emeline," said Mr. Hildreth, "do forget all about the chickens and everything else. You know as long as Bridget is there she will be faithful to the children through thick and thin."

"Yes, yes," responded his wife, "but you know they do get into awful scrapes sometimes."

But the sunny sky and the lovely roads and meadows soon made all forget home cares and think more of the restful day before them.

But where were the children? A

shout from the hillside where the chestnut tree stood in the lot, told where they had gone. Cousin Jessie had been telling of the little club she belonged to at home.

"You needn't call me stuck up, Polly Andrews, because I speak of 'my club'; it *is* mine, I helped start it and I'm one of them."

"I should say you were a *stick* and an old crooked one, too, some days," replied Polly. "I don't s'pose you do any more remarkable things in your *club* than we country girls do. Betty and I belong to the 'Busy Bees,' and I've got off from patchwork, and I'm on an apron-string now, and we send all our things to New York—*stacks and stacks* of 'em, and New York is bigger than Boston, and I guess the 'Busy Bees' are *something*, Jessie Willis, if you do live in Boston!"

"Polly! Polly! why *will* you wind yourself up into such a tancrum, I *devise* you to keep still," said little Betty. "Cousin Jessie didn't say we didn't ever do anything, she was only telling how much good the 'Cheerful Club' had done. Of course, Jessie knows we sent a box last Christmas, don't you, Jessie?"

"I believe I heard something of the kind," replied Jessie, who had put on her top loftical air, as the boys said, and sat eating a bun in a very ladylike manner. Just then a spider ran across her lap, and she kicked out her foot and upset the lunch-basket and made such a commotion that harmony was restored.

"I don't know of any great thing we *can* do here, anyway," said Harry. "I s'pose we might go and pick up chips or bring in wood for some old woman; there's old Mrs. Troll who lives down in the meadow all alone."

"Well, I'm not going to bring in as much as a 'cat stick' for her; she'll chase a fellow off, if he gets anywhere near the pond to fish, and if we even go cross lots through her field, out she comes and hollers, 'I don't allow any boys on my premises, I won't have any boys on my premises,'" and Fred threw a stick up into the chestnut tree as if he wished it would hit somebody.

"But I s'pose it would be doing good," said Betty.

"I don't care if it would, I won't carry in a dustpanful for her," and Fred put

his hands into his pocket, as if he meant to keep them there.

"Suppose you tell how we could be helpful," suggested Harry.

"Well," replied Fred, "I've been thinking!"

"Oh! yes, what an old wonder boy you are to think!"

But, without heeding Polly's words, Fred continued:

"Why couldn't we start a library for general improvement, you know?"

Upon this, little Polly began to shout:

"A *library*! ho! ho! a library, what a grand idea. I s'pose you'd write the books yourself, Mr. Fred."

"Now I call it a good plan," said Jessie, "and I've got some old books with rickety covers that I would contribute, and we would ask people to help."

But Betty did not think they could be helpful in any such way, while Polly, who had rolled over and over down the hill, came racing up, saying:

"I tell you what let's do; let's make the currant jelly and then it will be our own, and we can give it to the poor, and if anybody's sick they can have some; we can take turns, you know, stirring and tasting."

"I don't think Bridget would let us," and Betty looked sorry as she said it, while Fred suggested that they should go up and ask Mrs. Picket to come down and help them.

"We can pay her in eggs, and give her a tumbler of jelly besides."

"Oh! she's awfully poor; we ought to pay her more than that," said Harry.

But they found they had only ten cents between them.

"I'm sure I'm always short off for pennies," wailed Polly, "and I can only have one egg to spend this week, either; I am always having to be docked on my egg money."

The children did not ask her why, though they knew. After some talk they decided to go and state the case to Mrs. Picket, and as the jelly was to be made for charity, to beg her help and sympathy. They planned to stop on the way, and visit the "Herb Woman," who lived in the woods and made beer to sell. It was most delightful beer, and all sorts of good things must have gone into it. We think whenever she came to a flourishing

root, she must have dug it up and put it in.

So they skipped and jumped and ran through the woods till they got to the herb woman's house, and they rapped on the door and as no one came they lifted the latch and walked in. It was a tiny little house, very clean and neat, and the kitchen-floor was sanded with pretty white sand. They peeped into her bed-room, but she wasn't there, and then they ran into her pantry. It smelled very spicy and sweet, and they could see her little bags of seeds and bunches of dried herbs lying on the shelves. There were spearmint, and peppermint, and catnip, and pennyroyal, and wild thyme and tame time for all I know, besides dill and rosemary and all the other sweet-smelling herbs you can think of. Besides all this there was a pan of fresh gingerbread men on the broad shelf before the window. Polly took up one by the head.

"Why, it's broken to pieces; I s'pose it would spoil the looks of the rest to put it back," and she began to eat it as fast as she could.

"Why, Polly! that's taking things! See that one with only half an arm, and it's a broken legged one, too," and Jessie took it up, and it fell completely to pieces.

And so those naughty children kept on until each had pulled a gingerbread man out of the old herb woman's pan and eaten it up. Then I think their consciences pricked them.

How could they repay the herb woman, when they only had so few pennies? After some disputing, they each took a stick and then carefully wrote their names on the sanded floor. The herb woman always used a good deal of sand for she thought it looked pretty.

"There! that's just the same as leaving cards, and we will come to-morrow and pay her," and they ran off as fast as they could and soon came to Mrs Picket's. They saw her in the garden and could tell her by her sunbonnet, which was pink with a broad cape. She was picking gooseberries and carried a blue mug in her hand. The children quickly told her of their plan about the jelly.

"I want to know, and so you are going to make jell for the poor; well that is real downright clever of you, and I wish I could come down and help. Your ma

gone, too? I want to know, what started her out to-day just in jell time—should think she'd a-known better, but there! it's none o' my business. But I can't come to-day, anyway in the world; got a pair of trousers to mend for Freddy Smith, tore the seat all out sliding downhill on the pine needles up in the grove; nice pair, too, as ever was; but can't the currants keep a day. I'll come to-morrow?"

But the children said no, they thought it must be made that day, so, after getting some water, which they dipped up with a little yellow gourd from the spring, they went chasing home. They could find nothing of Bridget and so began preparations for the jelly-making at once. They ransacked through the pantry for dishes and cook-books.

"It says 'the currants must first be well scalded,'" said Jessie, reading aloud.

"Pooh! that is easy enough," replied the boys, "let's dump 'em all into the big yellow bowl, and pour boiling water over 'em."

"Is that what it means, is that scalding them?" asked the girls, as the two boys lifted the tea kettle and poured the hot water on.

"Why, of course it is."

"Ou! wow! wow! I guess you'd think it was," groaned Fred, "if some had spattered on you!" and he went hopping round the kitchen, blowing on his fingers.

"And they must be well skimmed" (Jessie continued to read). "Get a dipper, somebody, and skim 'em out quick."

"Oh! I know better than that, Jessie, you've skipped some," said Betty, and Polly echoed in derision:

"A dipper! the skimmings don't begin yet! that's the part after the sugar goes in, and we can each have a saucer and spoon, and take turns skimming, and it's good to eat."

"Oh! yes, here it is: 'after they are well scalded press out juice and to each pint put one pound of sugar,'" and Jessie laid the book down, and tied on a large apron. "Somebody find a jelly-bag, I can't do all the work and read, too," she continued.

But no one could find a jelly-bag. This was a great disappointment. An idea came to Betty:

"Oh! I know, if it's suitable to use it,"

and she whispered to the girls and they all ran off up-stairs, telling Fred and Harry they would be right back. Betty ran to her bureau-drawer and pulled out a last summer's flannel petticoat, and held it up to the light. "There!" she exclaimed, "it's quite old and thin, and I couldn't wear it much more anyway, and let's take it."

They all agreed that it would make a nice bag, so they tore the belt off and sewed it up as well as they could, and went back to the kitchen. The boys held the bag, and the little girls managed to dip the currants out and pour them into it. They thought they had a very hard time getting the juice out, but as the flannel-bag was rather thin and the juice not thick and had a good deal of water in it besides, as I remember it I think it ran through very well.

They were much disappointed that there wasn't *more* juice, but who ever made currant jelly without having a little of that same feeling? Soon the sugar was poured into the pink juice, and it began to boil; and it boiled, and it boiled, but didn't grow very much thicker. By this time it was getting late in the afternoon, and the children thought it *must* be most done, and that it was time to taste. So each got a saucer and spoon, and I think there was a good deal of "sossing" from the kettle to the table, as they took turns stirring and tasting and eating the "skimmings." They hunted up more cook-books, and there was much discussion as to whether it should boil fast or slowly; and the children got pretty tired, and the kitchen got pretty sticky. Finally Fred said:

"Bother the cook-books, anyway. I'm going to cram in wood and make a better fire and boil her down and call it done," and he gave up his place as "head skimmer" and started for the wood-shed.

Little Betty dropped into a chair and sat down on the jelly-bag.

"I think it's jelling, it's getting thick," and Polly took out some and set the saucer in the window, saying, "nobody must touch this," just as old Tittlemouse the gray pussy jumped in. There was a crash and a scream and a yowl as poor "Tittle" rushed through the door with the jelly dripping from her tail.

Fred and Harry put in a good deal of

pine wood and some cobs, and shut the stove-door and all ran to look out to see the cows come home. It had grown cloudy and dark, and the clock was striking six. It seemed as if it were going to rain, for the wind blew and the clouds looked like a storm.

A scream from Jessie made them all turn, and they saw the jelly rising in the kettle, and it was all over the top of the stove before they could reach it. And now the stove and chimney began to roar, and the room became full of dreadful smoke, and it poured through the rooms, for, like most children, they had left the doors all stretched open. It went out of the windows and out of the cracks, and the children, pale with fright, ran into the yard, and saw the black smoke and flames coming from the chimney. The light grew very bright, and the herb woman saw it from the top of the hill and she put on her steeple-crowned hat, and took her stick and came hurrying down through the lot. And Mrs. Dewdaps, who I have told you, lived over at the edge of the clearing, only stopped to take off her rubbers before she started.

The neighbors came running with buckets and pails. The cistern was soon emptied and the water ran over the kitchen-floor in little brooks, with here and there a cucumber thrown in, for the half-dozen or more that were in a pail in the shed were thrown in with the water.

There was great excitement on the roofs. Some ran up cob-stairs and some ran up-garret. Old Mr. Wickham, who, you know, was deaf, put his head out of the garret-window and called for a lantern.

"Why don't you throw one up," he shouted. "It's as dark as a pocket up here, and I can't see a thing, but I think there's fire somewhere, for I smell smoke!"

Perhaps it was well that Mr. Wickham *was* deaf and did not hear the shout from the boys below.

Gradually the roaring in the chimney ceased and the flames died down, leaving only sparks that floated straight up and out of sight. The yard was filled with tables and chairs and trunks and bureaus, and there was great confusion everywhere. People were going in and out just as the Hildreth's came driving up.

Good neighbor Jones had gone to meet

them and assure them of the safety of the children, and tell them just what had happened. The Widow Flyte was poking around the kitchen, holding up her hands in dismay:

"Wall, if it aint a sight to behold! every blessed thing sp'ilt, from the stove to a three-tined fork. I always said Mrs. Hildreth was too lax with those children; if they was mine I'd give 'em one such spankin' as would last 'em a good round spell," and after picking up a few cucumbers, which she slipped into her pocket, she went off to bestow herself upon some of the neighbors and talk it over.

But after all it wasn't half as bad as it might have been, though it was plenty bad enough, Mr. Hildreth thought. But, as I look back upon that afternoon and remember the awful fright those children had, I think they were punished enough

before their parents came home. They certainly learned a lesson about fires and the danger of meddling with stoves which they never forgot.

Poor Bridget felt as badly as any one. She had suddenly learned of a fatal accident in her family, and had left the house and children to take care of themselves. With what result I have told you.

A good many years have gone by since all this happened, but even now, when the wind is just right those three "little girls" imagine that they smell smoke. Each has a home of her own now, but it is a rule with each one that only safety matches shall be used in her house. That kind that can only be scratched on the side of the box and make one so provoked after the side of the box gets worn off.

HELEN SHELDON WELLS.

TROUBLE. In time of trouble there is something to do more than merely to express sympathy. Nearly always some real help is possible, and to discover what that is and to extend it simply and generously is the task of every one who wishes to be a friend in time of need. But this takes not only love and compassion and good wishes, but also judgment, discrimination, thought, and patience. It is largely because these qualities are so seldom brought into exercise at such times that sympathy so often seems powerless for any efficient help. Each case must be studied by itself, its past causes fathomed, its present grief appreciated, its probable future effects weighed, the possible means of relief considered before true help can be extended. This habit of thoughtfulness is easy enough when we are contemplating an enterprise of our own; why then should it be put aside when we approach so difficult and so delicate a task as that of giving real succor and comfort to others in time of need?

OF THE AFFECTIONS. Nothing is more common than to neglect the many small amenities and courtesies of life under the impression that they are needless. Where

the affections are very strong they may survive this treatment, though even then much of their delicate fragrance is lost but where they are of only moderate intensity it is pretty certain to kill them. When visits and letters gradually diminish and finally cease, when reunions are discontinued, when accustomed kindnesses are abandoned and sympathy grows silent, it is inevitable that the feelings which they represent should also decline. We learn to do without them, but when we imagine that our affections remain unchanged we greatly deceive ourselves. They are the natural food of friendship, and without it a slow starvation-process is certain.

A PERSON who has formed his temper and disposition of mind after a right model, who is humble, meek, cheerful, and contented can commonly find a convenient shelter when overtaken by the storms of life. It should therefore be our early lesson to subject the passions and appetites and desires to the control and guidance of reason. The first are the gales to impel us in the voyage of life, but the last ought still to sit at the helm and direct our course.

HOME CIRCLE.

PROSE AND POETRY OF THE CUPBOARD.

DEAR Mother Hubbard of the nineteenth century, are you acquainted with the contents of your cupboard? Does it not contain possibilities of which even its fair owner is unaware? Let us peep in. Ah! it looks nice; better yet, it smells sweet and wholesome, as that very useful and infallible health officer in the middle of your blooming countenance can testify. What have we here? Only a box of salt—the chemist's chloride of sodium—a thing so common we use it without a thought like the water we drink and the air we breathe; common, yet divine lips deigned to employ it as a simile when He said to the disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth," while more than fourteen centuries before the Israelites received the injunction from the lips of their great law-giver, Moses, "With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt."

The most ancient nations of the earth regarded salt as a necessity. In the old days of merrie England the salt-cellar was a very important article and occupied the middle of the dining table, the head of the family and distinguished guests being honored by a seat "above the salt," while those below were servants and of an inferior cast; this explains Ben Jonson's allusion to a proud and haughty man as one who "never drinks below the salt." To spill the salt was considered a sure portent of coming calamity, and even now in the country you may see the dear old grandmother lift her hands in holy horror if you have the misfortune to upset the salt-cellar's contents upon her spotless yellow-painted floor.

In some parts of Africa at the present day salt is only second to gold in value, and with a handful of it you can purchase a slave. We think with wonder of the salt mines of Poland worked for centuries till, seven hundred feet below the light of day, you can walk through subterranean halls and lofty chambers more dazzlingly beautiful than Ali Baba's

wonderful cave. We marvel, too, as we read of a hill of salt in Spain, five hundred feet high; of the salt island in the Persian Gulf; of houses in Arabia built not of blocks of marble or granite but of salt; and of the Salt Range in India two hundred miles long and from two to three thousand feet high. In the United States, Michigan ranks first as a salt producer, being accredited with more than four millions of barrels of salt in 1888 by the statistics of that year.

But it is the practical use of this household blessing that interests the busy house-keeper. The *Lancet* says, in remarking upon the foolish idea of those who condemn the use of salt as a food condiment because it is a mineral-salt, is the most widely distributed substance in the body, that it exists in every fluid and every solid, and is a constituent of the blood, facts that prove conclusively its being a needful part of man's daily diet.

Its remedial properties should be known in every household. A weak solution of salt and water is used successfully in dyspepsia; inhaled it relieves catarrh; used as a gargle it will cure an inflamed throat; a physician who was very skillful in his treatment of diphtheria and other throat troubles, relied upon tonics, nourishment, and the almost hourly use of this solution thrown upon the throat in fine spray from an atomizer, and recommended that one be kept in the house and used upon the first symptom of soreness; as an eye-wash salt and water is of more value than most of the patented nostrums and infinitely safer to use. Do your limbs pain you, and your spinal column intrude itself upon your notice with relentless twinges, and your lungs become reservoirs of pain as well as air? You will find bathing the afflicted parts with salt and water every day will help you very much, while an entire bath of the same will act as an invigorating tonic to the weak nerves to which kindly Nature has given a warning voice in every little thrill of pain, demanding from the sufferer care or rest; your physician may prescribe a trip

to the sea-shore and a daily dip in old Neptune's big tub, but your inclination or your purse forbids; if, like the writer, your first venture into the briny deep results in your endeavoring to impede navigation and retard commerce by swallowing the Atlantic Ocean, you will be content to take your salt bath in closer quarters. A small bag of salt placed hot upon the stomach has been known to arrest vomiting and relieve nausea, and we have seen hemorrhage from the lungs checked by taking dry salt before medical help could be obtained.

Some housekeepers sprinkle salt very plentifully in their chests of furs and flannels and are never troubled with moths. If you wish your carpets to look new and bright, sprinkle them with salt before you sweep, or after sweeping wipe them over with a cloth wrung out of salt and water. Wash the floors in a strong brine and throw a little dry salt on them before the carpets are put down; your moths and buffalo bugs will leave for a better boarding-place. Salt will remove those obstinate stains on your china tea-cups caused by the fragrant herb, and the egg spots on the silver spoons. If you will throw a little salt on the coals when broiling steak the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy. An experienced gardener says he knows of nothing more effectual in preventing the growth of weeds and keeping them out of gravel walks than a liberal dressing of dry salt, sufficient to whiten the entire surface of the gravel; he adds: "In my garden last year some walks which were salted early in the season have been free from weeds all summer." Ah! my dear Mother Hubbard, never say the cupboard is "bare" as long as it contains so wonderful a box of salt.

But did you not tell us, O wicked Mother Hubbard! you are a member of that grand old W. C. T. U.? Oh! nothing in that very suspicious looking jug but cider vinegar that Farmer John brought you from the old home up in New Hampshire, so you say? Not a thing pleasant or poetic about it now. But long ago, one lovely May morning, out in the fresh, sweet country, stood an old, gnarled apple tree clothed like a bride in pink and white beauty, its falling petals floating in the air like perfumed snowflakes; a few months pass by and

the harvest moon looks down upon one of Nature's kind miracles and sees the great crimson spheres, Cere's rubies, swinging in the air, or on the ground beneath, coyly hiding their blushing cheeks from wanton gaze among fallen leaves and withering grasses. The apples must be gathered before Jack Frost resumes his sway, so one day the great, patient, brown-eyed oxen take their load of spicy fragrance to the old cider mill; back comes the liquid fruit in a big hogshead, and is rolled down the bulkhead into the farmer's huge cellar, a modern catacomb wherein is entombed the missing members of barn and pen; here are juicy spare-ribs, brown hams, great slices of pork destined for the bean pot, and slabs of corned beef to adorn Farmer John's favorite dainty, the weekly "b'iled dish," which comes to the table flanked by its boon companions of the cellar—potatoes bursting through their jackets like an overgrown boy, cabbages ahead of everything, beets not to be beat in town or out, turnips you could never turn up your nose at, yellow squashes with necks awry, onions that bring tears to the driest eye, and golden pumpkins that never find themselves beneath the upper crust. Here in the midst of harvest riches stays the cider month after month, but as it grows older it grows, alas! as poor, weak humanity is prone to grow—sharp, and hard, and sour—so it comes about, Farmer John drives into town one day and brings you a gallon of those long-ago May-day apple blossoms, and says in his bluff, hearty, cheery way, "You'll find this to be fast-rate cider vinegar, Mis' Hubbard," and so, indeed, you do.

Ah! here is another treasure in the form of a can of mustard. We could not keep house without it. There are several varieties of the mustard plant growing wild in different parts of the world, and various species are cultivated in China, India, and European countries. In the pods are found the seeds which, when crushed, form our ground mustard, or would were it not for its adulteration by unscrupulous manufacturers. The mustard tree of the Scripture is of another order, its fruit being a small berry. Mustard plasters ready for instant application can now be obtained at most of the drug stores; not less efficacious, however,

is the home-made article, whose value cannot be overestimated in cases of sudden attacks of pleurisy, neuralgia, or any acute pain where a counter-irritant can be applied. You do not need to blister, only to irritate the surface, so take a spoonful of flour with two of mustard, and mix with the white of an egg; spread this on one-half of a piece of thin cloth and turn the other half over on it, and you will have a plaster bland enough for the delicate flesh of a child. A harsher form is obtained by mixing with molasses or even vinegar. When removed, do not neglect to oil the parts and cover from the air with a soft linen cloth, silk, or a layer of cotton batting. Sometimes through inexcusable carelessness, a member of the household has taken poison; send for a doctor at once, and meantime do not stop to cry and wring your hands, but administer an emetic at once of a teaspoonful of mustard in a cup of water, repeating the dose again in a few minutes and giving warm water freely as a drink, and milk and the whites of eggs if obtainable.

Are you troubled with sleeplessness? Do not resort to the use of drugs that only stupefy and paralyze the brain, but try a foot-bath of hot water with a spoonful of mustard in it, just before you retire for the night; it will equalize the circulation, draw the blood from the pressed and weary brain and give you that much craved blessing—a good night's sleep.

The next time you prepare the weekly pot of beans for the oven just add to that New England institution a spoonful of mustard and you will find no fiend of indigestion hovering over your Sunday breakfast. When mixing mustard for the table the addition of a pinch of sugar will improve its flavor.

Mustard once played an important part in the disciplinary department of our minister's family. He was blessed with one of those irrepressible urchins that by a mysterious providence seem to fall to the share of the most immaculate doctors of divinity. This young olive branch was wont to indulge in very shocking language culled from the vocabulary of the youthful laity of the neighborhood; after repeated paternal admonitions had failed to produce the desired effect, his mother treated the unruly tongue to a small dose of moist mustard, a tongue

sandwich which proved so effectual that a second installment was never needed, and the small victim is now a dignified senior in the theological department of his reverend father's own *alma mater*.

And now, dear patient Mother Hubbard, we must leave for future chronicle the inventory of your wealth, leave the sugar, the soda, the spices—rich gifts of the Orient—and other treasures, all voiceless, and with reluctance close the cupboard door.

A. LEWIS WOOD.

"WHEN YOUR TURN COMES."

"KATE," said my husband, entering the little room where I sat sewing, "there's an old, poor woman knocking at the kitchen door."

"What can she want?" said I, regretfully, for I selfishly disliked to be disturbed just then, as I was very comfortable and happy. It is true I had the reputation of being charitable, and I felt the keenest sympathy for the poor and the old; but still, there were times—and this was one of them—when I was so very happy myself that it was a positive shock to my nerves to have anything poor or wretched come about me.

I remember that I cast a little regretful glance around the room, although at the time I did not know that it would never seem quite so cheerful and pleasant to me again.

As I passed into the kitchen the knock was repeated loudly and impatiently. With a feeling of dread which I did not understand, I reluctantly opened the door.

An old, old woman, wrapped in a faded plaid shawl stood on the step. Her bare, wrinkled hand was already raised in the act of knocking again, but upon my appearance, it fell limply to her side.

She lifted such a corded, faded, woe-begone face to mine that my heart was touched; there was so much misery in it, such utter hopelessness; and withal such an expression of wistful deprecation.

"What is it?" I said, but through all my pity and sympathy I was conscious of a violent shrinking of my whole being from the old creature. Never had the sight of poverty or distress affected me in

this way before. It was not that she was unclean or disagreeable, but that the awful look of misery and woe in her eyes seemed to sink into and fill up my own heart, to the exclusion of every other feeling.

"Don't you know me?" said she, looking anxiously at me.

I replied that I did not.

"I have known you a long, long time," said she, wearily. "I have met you often—often—but you have always shrunk and turned aside. I never met you face to face, though," she added, in a lower tone, as if speaking to herself. "If you had not been so happy," she went on, presently, "you would have known me, or at least noticed me ere this. I am poor. I have no home, and I live around with my neighbors. It is now your turn to keep me awhile," and she took a step forward.

But I gave a sharp cry, and half-closing the door, planted my foot firmly against it, that she might not enter; then—for, somehow, looking into those sorrowful eyes I felt the conviction strengthen in my mind that sooner or later she would have her way—I began to weakly beg and entreat her not to enter.

"I will give you money," I said, eagerly. "Oh! plenty of it! Sufficient for all your wants! Surely, you cannot ask more of me than that!"

But she shook her head.

"I do not care for money. I want a home. I have been living around with your neighbors, and it is only fair to them that you, too, should have the burden of my presence for awhile. I do not stay so very long," she added, with a thoughtful expression; "and besides"—and here she fixed those hollow, solemn eyes full upon mine—"it is *your turn!*"

Oh! what a struggle there was in my soul! What should I do? I could not see an old, homeless creature turned from my door at nightfall. I felt that if she once entered, I might never be able to get her away; yet, what could I say when she appealed to my honor? When she told me again and again that my neighbors had borne with her and that it was now my turn?

Glancing past her, I saw several of those neighbors at their doors, watching to see if she gained admittance.

"I will not come to your table," said the old creature, suddenly and piteously; "I will stay in my own room, and keep out of your way as much as possible. Only I want a place to rest. I am so old, so old, and so afflicted."

So, reluctantly, I took her in. But, as weeks went by I felt the weight of the awful burden I had taken upon myself grow too heavy for my strength. At last I remonstrated with her; told her how happy had been my home, and now how barren of joy and peace it was; and again offered her money—if only she would go. But she only turned those hollow, despairing eyes upon me, and answered:

"Oh! it is not that I want money; I want a home—a place to rest! If you turn me out where shall I go?"

What could I say? To make her go, I must silence forever the pure voice of my conscience; and when that was once stilled, what would remain for me then?

"Nobody wants me," said the old creature, with a tearless sob that went to my heart. "They offer me money, jewels, treasures—anything, everything—if only I will go! But it is not that," she added, in a mournful whisper, "it is that I must have a place to stay—and when one's turn comes—"

So she remained. And, although she kept her room closely, I felt her awful presence always, day and night.

If I sat in my room sewing the song died on my lips when I heard her foot-fall in the next room, soft and stealthy that she might not disturb me; if I ran to the piano with a touch of my old light-heartedness, her hollow, mournful cough put lead-weights in my finger-ends; if I sat for the moment happy with my husband, the door would suddenly open and those awful eyes of silent suffering look in upon us.

Three years went by. I was a young woman, but my burden had put stagnant blood in my veins and sorrowful eyes in my face; I had become estranged from my husband, and indifferent to my friends; I hated my neighbors because their turns to take my unwelcome guest never came; I sighed where once I had smiled, and sobbed where once I had laughed; no song came ever from my heart, and deep lines had plowed their

ways upon my pale brow and about my sad eyes and lips.

One day in late winter my guest came and stood before me with downcast eyes, leaning upon her stick.

"I am going to leave you," she said.

I looked at her with dull eyes, feeling no relief, no elation. Three years ago how gladly would I have welcomed the announcement, but now—

"So you are going," I said, wearily, drawing my hand across my aching eyes. "Has some one's else turn come then? Alas! my heart aches for her, whoever she be; my heart's sympathy goes out to her. But you leave too late to do me any good, my whole life is spoiled."

"Nay," she replied, gently and solemnly, "you are young and peace will come to you again. You have done your duty; you have obeyed your conscience; you took me in when your turn came. For that reason, if for no other, peace and resignation will come to you. You might have escaped me; you might have turned me away—many do—but you kept your soul clean. Whatever your suffering has been, you still have your conscience, and that is everything."

"I may have my conscience," I replied, bitterly, "but at what a cost."

"Yea," she said, and I thought a tear fell upon her wrinkled, deeply-corded hands, "it is true. Wherever I go I take burdens and sorrows and heart-aches. I make bright homes desolate and light hearts sad; I stifle the gladdest laughter and hush the sweetest songs; I quench the light from the brightest eyes and the hopes from the happiest breasts; I am like the Wandering Jew—I go and go and go forever, and with those who pity me most I dwell the longer."

"In God's name," cried I, suddenly, "who are you? In all these years you have never told me."

She lifted her gaunt, haggard, woe-begone face and looked at me.

"In all these years," she said, "you have never asked me. Often and often have I thought you would surely guess it, but you have not."

She leaned still lower upon her stick, her withered chin fell upon her sunken breast, her breath came shiveringly, and her voice sounded mournful and desolate.

"Look at me well," she said then, with-

out lifting her eyes. "Do you not know me now? My name is—*Care*."

She is no longer with me, my unwelcome guest. But I see her daily going about among my neighbors with her stealthy step that I know so well, and her miserable, hunted look; and my heart goes out in sympathy to the unfortunate homes wherein she dwells.

Sometimes, entering a friend's house, I find her slipping hastily out of sight into another room or behind a heavy screen, and for a moment my heart thrills with the old sickening dread of her awful presence, and I realize fully from the weary eyes and deeply-lined faces of my friends that sometime or other, soon or late, she knocks at each door and says in her hollow voice, "It is *your* turn now."

When she knocks at *your* door, do not turn her away. Take her in; deal gently and patiently with her; she has no home; she lives around with her neighbors. She may stifle your laughter and hush your song; she may leave heart-aches for gladness and bitterness for cheer; she may take away every hope and leave only Dead Sea fruit. The cost may be crushing, but you will still have your conscience.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

WHAT THE PLEASANT HILL LITTLE ONES GAVE UP.

ONLY a heap of charred timbers and smoking ashes and a sad-faced father and mother trying to comfort four weeping little ones is what the school children of Pleasant Hill saw one cold morning as they came to school.

There had been a fire during the night. The "Ellis" family living near by were burned out. All their clothing, food, and furniture was in ashes.

Mr. Ellis had been sick a long time. A long, cold winter coming on, and no house to live in or money to get another was not a cheering prospect.

Mr. Ellis was very sad. Tommy and the twin babies shivered and cried; Helen, six years old, dark-eyed and round-cheeked, put her hand in papa's and tried to warm the big, thin, and cold one by squeezing it lovingly.

Mrs. Ellis tried to not let a tear fall, and she prayed silently for help out of their trouble. She knew that God has

said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble," and she obeyed Him.

In the school-room the teacher and pupils could all the day think of little else beside the fire.

Everybody was so sorry for the Ellis family. Two weeks afterward Miss Howe, after morning prayer, said:

"Children, as you all know, once in every year I give my scholars a treat of nuts, apples, and candy. The price of this treat is at least six dollars. Are you willing to give the money to the building fund that is being raised for the Ellis house?"

"Does that mean, teacher, that we shall not have any candy?" inquired Anna Day.

"Yes, it means that I cannot afford to give my own subscription and yours, too," said Miss Howe. "Take a few minutes to think before voting." Presently she called, "We will now vote upon it. All who are willing to do without the usual treat hold up their right hands."

Miss Howe knew that there was a struggle going on in the souls of the little ones who enjoyed "treat-day" so much.

They were seldom indulged in "good things," being the children of poor parents. A very few had resolved to not vote at all. Suddenly the school-house door opened and the Ellis twins—Edith and Elbel—hand in hand, scantily clothed, but smiling gayly, trotted up the aisle, lisping out: "We've tumbled to stool, we is dood 'ittle dirls."

Austin Ford with another boy who had a sweet tooth and wanted *so* much the "usual treat," called out, "Hooray for the 'dood 'ittle dirls.' Of course we will not have the treat."

All the right hands went up, and the twins laughed heartily. Miss Howe, while telling her girls and boys *t'* at the "Lord loved all cheerful givers," counted out twelve bright dollars, six of them her own and six the Pleasant Hill boys' and girls' contribution toward building a new house for the Ellis family.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

CONSEQUENCES. Perhaps there is no better test of a man's intelligence and character than the way in which he accepts the consequences of his own actions. Indeed the actions themselves seldom afford so true a criterion, for they may be performed hastily or under strong impulses, while the consequences are endured or enjoyed at leisure, without any powerful influence to control the natural expression of the feelings they engender. In one way it may seem that there is not much option about accepting consequences—that, as they are inevitable, so to receive them is simply a destiny to which all must submit. Certainly nothing is more entirely beyond our power to alter or evade. We can neither prevent nor escape them. The action is in our power to do or to forbear, but, once done, its consequences are no more to be resisted or controlled than the winds and the waves. Yet, as the strong swimmer can breast the waves and the skillful captain can steer his vessel through them, though neither can resist their force, so it is possible to meet the consequences of our actions,

though irrevocable, in such a way that they may bear us to a harbor of safety.

INNOCENCE. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folk generally imagine. If you want some to transplant do not seek it in the inclosures of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones, but go to the gardens of truth and sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door and it is off forever. The bird that roams through the sky and groves unrestrained knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself, but the caged one the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

WITH our limited minds and opportunities all our knowledge must be to a certain extent fragmentary, but it is a good thing to have the fragments in some kind of order, to take stock of them, as it were, so as to know what is there and what is not, and thus to be able to use them as required.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

COOKERY FOR THE SICK.

A NOTICEABLE trait of the invalid's appetite is that whatever dislikes he entertains in health to certain foods or ways of serving food are intensified in illness. Another is the impatience with which he will receive an invitation to specify a bill of fare for himself at this time. Again, a lack of neatness or order which will be silently borne with in health—charred toast, a cup of tea spilt into the saucer, a speck in the sugar—will utterly destroy the last vestige of appetite in an invalid, and with it a percentage of the chances of early recovery.

From these occurrences we may learn the absolute necessity of perfect cleanliness and the highest pitch of dainty serving to which we may attain.

But what is the menu for a sick room? Gruel and toast, toast and gruel? Not these alone, although these are valuable and may be so prepared that they are nothing less than delightful if one has the lightest shadow of appetite, if not, they are at least not loathsome.

To make gruel, bring fresh-drawn, sparkling water to a boil; salt it; drop in gently, while stirring, enough fresh-ground Indian meal, previously sifted with one-fifth of its bulk of good white flour to thicken it very slightly, remembering that as the meal cooks it swells, and then let it boil not less than forty-five minutes. When done, cool it with milk and let the patient have his fill.

The next problem is to serve it daintily, and now is the time to fetch out your choicest dishes. Nothing is too good for an invalid, and a pretty bit of china or finely engraved glass enhances the flavor of whatever is served within it.

To make toast you must in the first place have the best of bread, not too new. If dry toast is wished for, cut it thin and take care that it is evenly toasted all over the surface; it need not display as many shades of brown as a painter's palette.

If the patient is strong enough he may best butter it himself, should butter be allowed, but if he is at all weak, you must

butter it for him, and this requires discretion. Let the butter be gilt-edged and spread it thinly; the edges must be as thoroughly buttered as the inside, and on the middle there must be no smudges forming hollows of melted grease.

In some cases the act of mastication necessary for disposing of dry toast is wearisome to the flesh, and the patient becomes discouraged before he finishes his slice. In this case let us soften the toast for him and thus spare him half the labor. Have a bowl of salted boiling water ready and when the toast comes from the fire dip it therein quickly before buttering it; after the butter is wisely bestowed set the toast two minutes in a hot oven. Far be it from this toast to be watery or clammy; it must be tender inside and but one remove from crispness outside.

But the toast of toasts is cream toast. After either of the foregoing processes has been gone through, a half cupful of cream heated to scalding and poured over the slice of toast renders it a dish fit for the gods. Cream can be bought anywhere in the cities now for thirty or forty cents a pint. One thinks nothing of purchasing a glass of jelly or a mold of charlotte russe for the same amount, and the money would be much more wisely spent in furnishing this golden nutritious food.

If the physician permits the use of brown bread it becomes a delicious form of cream toast. Graham bread, too, made from the Arlington meal or better from whole wheat flour, makes nice dry toast or cream toast.

When proffering fruit to the sick one, prepare it for him *out of his sight*. Slice the banana, peel the apple or pear, separate the juicy lobes of the orange where he cannot see you; he may have perfect confidence in your neatness, but none of us like to see our food handled before we partake of it. To gain the full value of fruits they should be served with neither cream nor sugar; the addition of cream to fruit-acids sometimes makes a most deleterious combination.

The simplest of jellies taken in moderation are sometimes good, and fruit sauces

may accompany a slice of toast. Dried apricots and peaches are the best of these and generally well liked.

The tender chicken, formerly so much advised for a convalescent, the modern physician does not advise; preferably serve a steak or mutton chop cut thick and broiled over a clear fire. All salted meats may be kept away from a sick-room, nor is fish in any form sufficiently nutritious to be recommended as a frequent addition to the menu. Raw oysters may be excepted from this sweeping prohibition if the patient cares for them.

The market is full to overflowing of wheat and oats in different forms, under various names, and in divers packages. Beware of following the manufacturers' directions on those which claim to cook sufficiently in one, two or three minutes. Cook not less than fifteen, watching carefully; the grain will be far nicer, not to speak of its increased wholesomeness.

There is no doubt that milk is among the most valuable foods at our disposal, and when hot is one of the most efficient restoratives in case of a sudden chill, faintness, or exhaustion. Heat it quickly very hot, but not to boiling; add to a cupful of the hot milk one tablespoonful of freshly boiled water, and let the patient sip it slowly to admit its mingling with the saliva. Too much can hardly be said for this wonderful drink; if prepared and taken properly its good effects appear almost instantaneously.

No spices should appear in the sick-room; no stimulants without the doctor's orders; hot bread is an abomination in health, and in sickness may be carefully let alone. Let all food be chosen, first, in regard to its general wholesomeness for the human race, and second, as regards its fitness for this particular mortal. Use conscience and the gray matter of the brain freely in deciding as to matters of diet and your patient shall yet arise and call you blessed above all other women and cooks.

ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

GLEANINGS.

No. 2.

WELL, we all went to the quilting. Mrs. Randall—a former pastor's wife—was there. She has lived at so

many different places that she knows a great many things quite new to us "home bodies."

We were talking about cooking meats, and Mrs. Randall said:

"Isn't it provoking to have meat refuse to brown when you are frying it? The next time that you are bothered so, sprinkle a little sugar over the meat and it will brown nicely."

"A few days ago," she continued, "I called at the house of a farmer to get some butter. There were threshers to dinner that day and the lady had stuffed sausage."

"The men thought that she had recently butchered, so entirely fresh did the meat seem."

"But the sausage was *canned*. It was cooked thoroughly, then put into a can with the juice that had fried out of the meat."

"She used glass cans, but no doubt tin ones would answer just as well."

"I can testify to its being good," Mrs. Randall said, "for when I went home"—with a smile at the group around her—"after the manner of pastors and their wives, I took with me a can of the sausage. Now I want some one else to speak."

We all looked at Mrs. Brown.

"I don't know much about cooking meats," she began, "but I'd like to tell you of a new way of baking bread—at least, it is new to me."

"The oven is small and will hold only three loaves. The other day I was in a hurry to start for town, so I *steamed* the extra loaf. We had the latter for tea, and Mr. B. praised my new bread, said it was better than usual."

"That plan saved some wood, my dear," said Mrs. French. But the young housekeeper had not thought of that, which, with many of us, would be a most important item.

"We had veal loaf for tea, and it was made thus:

"Three pounds of chopped veal, one pound of salt pork, one cup of rolled crackers, the same quantity of bread-crumbs, three eggs, one tablespoonful of pepper, a little sage, and salt to taste. Bake the loaf three hours."

Every one of us jotted down the recipe for future use.

"There is one thing that I forgot to mention," Mrs. Brown said. "Pour some water in the pan that holds the loaf, add some butter, and baste the meat now and then as you would fowl."

"We have pressed chicken sometimes at our missionary teas," Mrs. Randall said, "but it is not *all* chicken. Some veal is used with the chicken, but unless one knew of it, the presence of the veal would not be detected. When chickens are scarce and high the veal helps out wonderfully."

Mrs. Stewart, who has just moved into our neighborhood, said that maybe she could tell us something about cooking chicken.

"If you don't get it over quite as early as usual, put a small lump of saleratus—a piece about the size of a garden pea—in the kettle. The chicken will cook quickly, and will not be injured thereby."

RENA REYNOLDS.

EASILY MADE, DELICIOUS HOME-
MADE CANDY AS "BLUE-BELL"
MAKES IT FOR 'TILSIE
AND PAUL.

"BLUE-BELL," Tilsie, and Paul do not live near to a candy store, and the "grown ups" in the farm-house are too busy with real work to spend time in candy-making.

Until "Blue-bell's" hands were strong enough to "whisk" the eggs (the hardest part in making this particular kind of candy) Tilsie and Paul had to "make

believe" a great many times that a slice of raw turnip or potato was the longed-for sweet.

"Blue-bell's" treats of cocoanut, chocolate, lemon, orange, cranberry, date, or raisin candy are usually served when *all* the family, after a busy day, are gathered about the fire in the grate for the usual "good time" earned and enjoyed by busy people.

For cocoanut candy "Blue-bell" whisks to a froth the whites of two eggs, stirs in three-fourths cup grated cocoanut and pulverized or confectioner's sugar, until the mixture is stiff and very smooth. By lightly rubbing her fingers with corn-starch, she is able to make small flat cakes, round balls, or ladies' fingers, which dry quickly after being placed upon buttered paper, and kept near the stove.

CRANBERRY CANDY.—To the whisked whites of three eggs, one tablespoonful of cranberry juice, one scant teaspoonful corn-starch, and sugar to make a smooth, stiff mass is added. Make out in small, round, thin cakes, and let them harden upon clean paper well buttered.

DELICIOUS ORANGE CANDY.—Grate the yellow rind from an orange, add to it the strained juice of the same orange. Stir this into the stiffly-frothed whites of three eggs, sift in pulverized sugar until it will retain no more. Slightly mold into small balls, roll into the pulverized sugar, dusting them well, dry upon a buttered pan, or plate beside the stove, or upon the pantry shelf.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

THERE are no fixed stars in the firmament of mankind. Each shines for the time appointed, and is then blotted out to make room for others. But the heavens never grow wholly dark, for, as one great light fades, flickers, and is extinguished, another appears in an unexpected quarter. Every age has its exceptional men, and, though it may seem impossible to fill their places when they depart, it somehow happens—such is the richness of human nature—that their places are always filled.

VOL. LXI.—17

LIVE for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, in love, and in mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year.

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied, "It is impossible that one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers are cordially invited for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking any information they may desire. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"FIXING UP."

RECENTLY one of my sister housekeepers suggested that all possible hints be given on home-made furnishings. I like the plan, as this is something in which we are all interested. As the time for spring renovation will be here almost before we are aware of it, I should like to tell you how I arranged my sitting room last spring. The idea was not original with me, but proved so satisfactory that I do not want to keep it to myself.

To begin, my sitting room never should have been one, but the house was built before we took possession of our "estate," and it is the only room that is at all convenient for the purpose. It is on the north side of the house, and the sun only gets into it during the latter part of a long summer day, and when we came here the wood work was painted a white which had turned yellow with age, and the walls were covered with very sombre paper. The whole effect was strangely depressing, and having saved a little "egg-money," I resolved to change it. First, I bought a can of cardinal paint, with which I painted the moldings around the door panels, top of the base-board, under the window-sill, etc., and the back-molding that extended around the window and door casings, with the window sashes. The remainder of the wood-work I painted a very light yellow—in fact, it was more a deep cream-color, which I obtained by mixing a little red and yellow ochre with white lead until I got the right shade.

The paper which I chose had a buff ground a little darker than the paint,

with wood-brown leaves, cardinal blossoms, and touches of gilding here and there. For the border I used a lengthwise strip of paper, partly because I could not find a real border that quite suited me, and partly because it was less expensive than so wide a border could be. It was a stripe-pattern, the colors being of a darker tone all through than those in the paper, but carrying out the buff and cardinal—sunshine—idea. All of this work I did myself, with very little assistance about the papering. I also painted the floor, a sort of terra-cotta color, with no more exertion than I should have been compelled to use in scrubbing it. In the centre of the room I have a large rug made of nine squares of all-wool carpet nicely sewed together and tacked in place with a border (of much-fulled flannel, colored dark-buff) all around it. My shades are tint-cloth, a sunny yellow matching the wood-work in color, with a border of cardinal, brown, and gilt. In one thing I was fortunate; having an opportunity to do some mending for a young painter, he offered to fresco the ceiling, which he did, carrying out the same general scheme of color in buff background, and decoration of browns, cardinal, and gilt. Whitewash can be easily tinted by the addition of a little yellow dye, dissolved in water, or dye of any preferred color may be used.

Altogether, I succeeded finely in "making sunshine in a shady place." Sometime I will tell you about my furnishings, and in the meantime shall hope to hear from others.

MRS. KAY DEE.

MORE HINTS FOR "HOME" MOTHERS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been much interested in reading the "Notes" from mothers relating to the care of the little ones, as I have six boys and one wee girl in my own household. On busy days—and a farmer's wife has few days that are not busy ones—I have frequently been at my wits' end to know how I was to get

through my tasks and attend to the babies, too, as I cannot work with them crying and hanging to my skirts. Here are some of my ways: I have amused the little folks for hours together by winding a ball of bright yarn and hanging it from the ceiling, letting it come sufficiently low down for the little hands to pat it back and forth. They will have "lots of fun," and forget all about wanting mamma to take them.

Another pleasure for both little and big children is a home-made scrap-book. The older ones will enjoy the making, too. Save all the pictures, both colored and plain, of which there are so many nowadays in papers, magazines, and catalogues; take an old sheet, tear it lengthwise, fold, cut, and sew, making the leaves of a size to receive quite a large picture, then paste the pictures in hit-or-miss, and the children will have many a hearty laugh over the frequently comical arrangement. Or the older ones may like to arrange each leaf to tell an especial story; this is all according to taste. When they tire of the book, put it away and in two or three weeks it will be new to them again. Do not leave it where they can have it at any time, else it will very soon get to be an old story; the same may be said of other sources of amusement. If any particular toy is put entirely out of sight for a month it will give almost more pleasure than a new one when again produced.

To mothers who have young babies troubled with constipation I would say, give them sweet cream to drink in place of oil or teas, which so often irritate and gripe the little stomach, leaving it worse than before. A teaspoonful of cream three times a day, or oftener if necessary, is both cooling and healing; I give my eighteen-months-old baby all she wants. We live so far from a doctor that the charges for a visit are enormous; and by using simple remedies, watching closely, and taking ills in time, I have been obliged to call on a physician but once or twice, for the little folks, in my seventeen years of married life.

Before taking leave I should like to tell the sisters of a way of drying corn which I have practiced this summer and like far better than the old method of boiling or scalding on the cob. Husk and silk the corn as for immediate use, cut it from the

cob with a sharp knife, scrape the cob well, put the corn in a pan and set it in the oven not over ten minutes—only long enough to dry the starch, then set it in the sun for a time; it will dry so quickly as to retain all its sweetness. A good way to keep it is to put it in paper bags, tie snugly, and suspend in a cool, dry place. It soaks up readily, and has all the flavor of fresh corn.

I also tried a new recipe for water-melon pickles this season, which I think some of the "HOME" housekeepers may like. Cut the pared rinds into squares, lay in a weak brine over-night; in the morning, rinse in clear water and cook in vinegar, not too strong, and containing a piece of alum the size of a walnut for ordinary quantity, until tender or clear; remove to a jar and pour over the squares hot, sweetened, spiced vinegar.

MRS. M. J. C.

[How many "HOME" mothers have ever tried a "baby box" for keeping a wee one safe and quiet while the work was in progress? One which we saw not long ago was really an ornamental article of furniture. It was a strong wooden box about the size of an ordinary tea-chest, neatly stained and varnished, and furnished with a soft, pretty rug for baby to sit on. About two-thirds the way from bottom to top of the box several holes were made, each perhaps two inches in diameter; these were "peek-a-boo" places, and came just on a level with the little one's eyes, and he would sit in his box, happy with his playthings, warm and a great deal more contented than a king on his throne. In cold weather such a box shields the little limbs from the floor-draft, and by adding casters it may be readily moved from one room to another. Try it, mothers.]

"HOME" REMEDIES.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I enter this charmed circle? There are so many wise and helpful things written that I am almost afraid to venture, but would like to send my "mite," hoping it will help some one.

Here is a good remedy for cuts, sores, and bruises: One pound of lard, one ounce of beeswax, one-half ounce resin; melt all together, let cool, then add two ounces of oil of spike.

For burns I find lime water and linseed oil, equal parts mixed, to be the best remedy I can use.

For bee or wasp stings a piece of lean, raw beef bound on is most effectual for relieving the pain. If this cannot be obtained, a cloth wet in vinegar and sprinkled with common baking soda applied to the sting or bite, and changed after ten minutes if necessary will be found to act almost like magic. Common blue clay or earth formed into a paste is also excellent and easily obtained, and to the list may be added bruised plantain leaves, and baking soda moistened with water, the latter being also one of the best remedies for burns if applied immediately.

"A HUMBUG."

CANARY BIRDS.

Some little time ago I noticed a question concerning the care of canary birds and thought I would reply to it. A press of other duties interfered, however, and it is only now that I take the liberty, hoping to slightly repay my debt of obligation for useful hints received from letters of other subscribers. The result of my four years' experience with one bird (and I think the same rules must apply to all of the same species at least), is this. It seems very necessary to be as regular as possible in cleaning, feeding, and giving opportunities to bathe; for the latter, every other day in summer and twice a week in winter are none too often, and I have formed the habit of cleansing the cage—not forgetting the perches and swing occasionally—each time the bird bathes, always taking the cage apart while the little songster is bathing—that is, after persuading birdie, should he be in the bottom, to hop upon a perch, remove the top and set it over the bathing dish in some convenient place, leaving the little creature to enjoy his ablution while the floor of his house is made ready for his occupancy with clean paper, sand, etc.

As to food, the mixed seed—canary, rape, and millet, sometimes adding a few cracked hemp-seeds—I have found to be best, and your pet may occasionally be treated to a lettuce leaf, chickweed, celery tops, the seed stalk of plantain, or a small piece of sweet apple, but cake and other sweets should never be given a canary bird. Should special nourishment seem

to be required, as some delicate birds do at moulting-time, for instance, a little hard-boiled egg, minced, is excellent. Many birds, too, are fond of light bread soaked in milk or cream and pressed dry.

JULIA C. W.

TESTED RECIPES.

For the benefit of the "Johns" who like good things to eat I give a few recipes which have been used in our family for many years.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two cups molasses, one cup butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half cup cold water, one teaspoonful salt, and one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Add sufficient flour to knead pretty stiff—about two quarts—roll, not too thick, and bake in a quick oven.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Four cups of rye and two cups of Indian meal, sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one of salt; add one-half cup molasses, stir with about three teacups of cold water or milk; place in tight-covered pail or molds; boil hard for three hours, then turn out and brown for a half-hour in the oven.

"GRANDMA'S" POUND-CAKE.—One pound of sugar, three quarters pound of butter, one pound of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful of baking-powder, eight large or nine small eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful lemon, or one-half nutmeg, grated; mix and bake slowly for one hour.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one and one-half cups of sugar, four tablespoonfuls cold water, two small (or one heaping) teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two cups flour, and a pinch of salt. Sift flour, powder, and salt together; beat the yolks of eggs and sugar thoroughly, add the water, then the flour; flavor, to taste; then, lastly, stir in the beaten whites of the eggs. Do not have the oven too hot, and do not open the door for the first fifteen minutes. The cake should bake in half an hour.

"SANDUSKY."

FROM "HOME" PANTRIES.

FRUIT COOKIES (ORIGINAL).—I delight in cooking and inventing new re-

cipes. This is my last experiment: One cupful of fruit, equal parts of seeded raisins, currants, and citron, one cupful of suet-fat, three-fourths cupful of nice molasses, one cupful of white sugar, three eggs, one-half cupful sweet milk, an even teaspoonful of salt and one of soda dissolved in it, one moderately heaped teaspoonful each of clove, allspice, cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; sufficient flour to roll smooth, with one teaspoonful of cream-tartar sifted in a part of it; roll one third of an inch thick, cut in round cakes, and bake in a moderately hot oven. I think these cookies would keep well if I had some place to hide them away in!

AUGUST FLOWER.

APPLE CAKE.—Three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the same of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar in two cups of sifted flour; bake in jelly-cake tins.

FILLING.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon, one sour apple, pared and grated, one cup of sugar; boil together for five minutes, making a jelly which is spread between the layers of the cake.

Will some one tell me how to remove ink-stains from a Brussels carpet?

MRS. C. W. D.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Make a sponge of one pint scalded milk, cooled to lukewarmness, and one cake compressed yeast dissolved, or one cup of home-made yeast; let rise over-night, in the morning add about six tablespoonfuls of lard and butter melted together, one cup of sugar, and two eggs; knead, let rise, roll, and cut out, let stand awhile, then fry in very hot fat.

BROWN BREAD.—Let me give you one of my ways of using up stale bread. As I have never made it by measuring, I am unable to give exact rule, but you will readily get the right proportions. Soak bread-crumbs in water until soft, using only so much water as the crumbs will take up; add a pinch of salt, two-thirds cup of molasses (for medium-sized loaf), a teaspoonful of soda, corn-meal to form a rather stiff batter, and, if liked, a few raisins. Steam four or five hours—

more will not hurt—and dry off in the oven.

BLACK CAKE.—One cupful each of butter and sour cream, two cupfuls of brown sugar, three of flour, two eggs, one cupful raisins or currants, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls each of cloves and cinnamon, one grated nutmeg; is better if a week old.

CANADIAN SISTER.

CRYSTALLIZED POP-CORN.—This is something for the little folks these long winter evenings. Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three of water, and one teacupful of pulverized sugar; boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts of nicely-popped corn, stir briskly until the candy is evenly distributed over the corn, take the kettle from the fire, stir until cooled a little, and you have each grain separate and crystallized with sugar. Nuts prepared in this way are also much liked by the little people—and big ones, too, for that matter!

MRS. L. N.

NOTELETS.

DEAR "HOME:"—Let me give a hint for those housekeepers who are troubled with chapped hands during the cold season. I have always been, and glycerine alone did no good, seeming to poison my skin. Last fall a friend gave me the following recipe which I have found so beneficial that I want to give it to others: Thoroughly mix and bottle one pint of vinegar, one ounce of pure glycerine, and one-half ounce carbolic acid; keep on the wash-stand and rub a little on the hands every time they are washed. I like this better than witch-hazel and glycerine, which I have sometimes used. Now, can "Sandusky" or some other friend, give directions for a crocheted santon, as I do not knit? also for crocheting a yoke in the "block" pattern of insertion?

PHEBE.

Isn't this worth knowing, I wonder? Raw, lean beef or other meat is known to be good to bind on bruises, preventing swelling and discoloration to a great extent; but common starch or arrow-root, moistened with cold water or milk and applied to the injured part immediately

is better for the purpose than the meat, besides being pleasanter to use. I enjoy our "Notes" much and always find something new. Sometime ago one reader gave a recipe for baking-powder, which I have mislaid. Will some one repeat it or give another as good?

MRS. A. L. C.

[The following recipe for baking-powder is vouched for by one of the "HOME" readers, who declares it to be the "best and only pure kind in the world, one teaspoonful being as strong as three teaspoonfuls of any that we buy." Four ounces each of best baking-soda (which it is well to buy of a druggist in order to make sure that it is pure), and tartaric acid, with one pint of fine wheat flour; sift all together at least six times to evenly mix the ingredients, and keep in a tin box closely covered. It is better to make the powder in rather small quantities, as it is apt to lose strength if kept a length of time.]

I have never before written to this department, but as I have often profited by it will try and help some one else by tell-

ing my way of cooking a turkey. After preparing the fowl in the usual way, I place it in a baking-pan and set the pan in a wash-boiler, first putting something (usually two pie-tins) in the bottom for the pan to rest on. I then pour in two or three quarts of water—not enough so that it can boil into the baking-pan—put on the boiler-cover, and keep up a good steam for two and one-half hours. At the end of that time I set the pan in the oven for a half-hour, or until the turkey is nicely browned. This is a very nice way to cook a fowl not in its "first youth," as the steaming renders it tender and less dry than baking could do.

FLORENCE.

DEAR HOME:—I recently mended a valuable vase with a cement made by stirring plaster of Paris into thick mucilage or gum-arabic. Dip a brush in the mixture, spread upon both edges of the broken article, press together, tying in place with a string if possible, and in a few days you will find it quite as easy to break the china in a new as in the old place. I have forgotten where I obtained this hint, but it is a good one.

MRS. L. N.

KNOWLEDGE ALWAYS USEFUL. There is no kind of knowledge, if honestly acquired, which may not be found available in unexpected ways for the enrichment and the adornment of life, whether the life be that of a man or of a woman. And, even though the knowledge or power which is the product of a liberal education may seem to have no bearing at all upon the special business or definite duties of a woman, yet, if it be felt by its possessor to make life more full, more varied, and more interesting and better worth living, no other justification is needed for placing the largest opportunities within her reach.

A MAN owes many debts to others which they can never enforce, and many obligations which no one will claim, but the non-fulfillment of which will bring woe to him. One of the most responsible of these is searching for the right path,

testing his ideals, distinguishing between a strong desire and a sense of duty.

THE following varnish will maintain its transparency, and the metallic brilliancy of the articles will not be obscured: Dissolve ten parts of clear grains of mastic, five parts of camphor, five parts of sandarach, and five parts of elemi in a sufficient quantity of alcohol, and apply without heat.

THE secret of interesting conversation is the same as that of literature—having something in the mind—something to say. Yet how few people have minds furnished with anything but commonplace, or at least how few can produce acceptable fragments from a store of knowledge!

CARELESSNESS at home or of one's personal interests breeds carelessness of others' interests.

BABYLAND.

BED TIME.

THE sleepy stars are blinking,
The drowsy daisies nod,
The dew-drops bright are glistening
All o'er the grassy sod;
The pretty poppies dreaming
In silk robes white and red,
With violets in velvet
Out in their bordered bed.

In downy nests, the birdlings
Have long since ceased to sing;
The little chicks are cuddled
Under their mother's wing,
While puss, with her two babies,
Is curled up on the rug,
And Jip has sought contented,
His corner warm and snug.

Two blue eyes slowly closing,
And droops a curly head;
And yet, says baby Willie,
"Tain't time to do to bed."
We'll take him on a journey,
Over to Dreamland bright;
So bring his pretty garments
And dress him all in white.

Now here's the car to take him,
That rocks us to and fro;
In mamma's arms pressed closely
How safe and fast he'll go!
He's almost there—the borders
Of Dreamland dawn in sight—
Now—to and fro—more slowly—
He's there! One kiss—good night?

MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

MR. AND MRS. MOUSE PLAYING KRISS-KINGLE.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse."

THIS isn't true. Both Mr. and Mrs.
Mouse were stirring behind the
wainscot while the six little mice slept
soundly in their beds dreaming. Of
course the children out in the nursery
knew that the white-bearded gentleman

managed somehow or other to slide down
the narrow chimney, but the little mice
were badly fooled; *they* thought the Kriss-
kingle crept through the mouse-hole to
fill the six little stockings waiting for him
behind the wainscot.

Suddenly Mrs. Mouse, who was peep-
ing out this same hole, called softly to
Mr. Mouse, "He's come!"

Thereupon Mr. Mouse scampered to
his wife's side and looked over her
shoulder.

Sure enough there was Kriss-kingle
with his pack at the bottom of the chim-
ney where the fire-board had been taken
away. He was laughing.

"I hope he won't wake the children,"
said Mrs. Mouse, anxiously. She didn't
mean the children in the nursery, but the
six little mice.

"Indeed, I hope not," said Mr. Mouse,
"they might find out something, little
Long Ears is so cute."

Little Long Ears was the baby.

Kriss-kingle went his rounds and Mr.
and Mrs. Mouse waited and waited and
waited. When they saw the last of the
old gentleman's coat-tails disappear up
the chimney, Mrs. Mouse squeaked:

"Now, Mr. Mouse, hurry up!"

Mr. Mouse grinned all over and scam-
pered into the nursery, while Mrs. Mouse
ran and snuffed the candle

"Come and help," ordered Mr. Mouse,
at the mouse-hole.

"What have you got?" cried Mrs.
Mouse, forgetting to whisper.

"A big chocolate drop with nuts on
the top."

"Oh! oh! oh!" squeaked Mrs. Mouse,
delightedly, "go back and get some
more."

"Come and help," ordered Mr. Mouse
at the mouse-hole.

"What have you got this time?"

"A candy pig."

"Oh! oh! oh!" squeaked Mrs. Mouse,
"go back and get some more."

"Come and help," ordered Mr. Mouse
at the mouse hole.

"What have you got this time?"

"Three figs stuck together."

"Oh! oh! oh!" squeaked Mrs. Mouse, "go right back and fetch three more, so there will be one apiece."

All night long they worked away and filled the musty stockings full to the brim.

And wouldn't the children in the nursery have laughed if only they had known how badly the little mice were fooled, thinking that Kriss-kingle could get through a mouse-hole, dear! dear!

LOUISE R. BAKER.

SELLING THE BABY.

WHAT am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled, and sweet,
From the curls above her forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear blue eye,
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no,
That's too much beneath her value,
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from her rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East or West or South.

What am I offered for Baby?
"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,

Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here!
Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of these dear little peach-bloom hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky Way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then *what* I am offered for Baby?
"A heart full of love and a kiss?"
Well if anything could ever tempt me,
'Twould be such an offer as this;
But how can I know if your loving
Is tender and true and divine,
Enough to repay what I'm giving
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
Your gold and gems are stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious
Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on
If our beautiful darling were going,
If our beautiful darling were gone?
Harpers' Young People.

THE perils of the self made man—and many self-made men have perished in the making through these perils—are unrowness and hardness. They have bought their success at the cost of the largeness of their mental constitution and of the tenderness of their heart.

A GOOD CEMENT for joining parts of apparatuses, etc., permanently solid and waterproof, and which resists heat, oils, and acids, is made by mixing concentrated caustic potash with finely powdered glass. The mixture is a thick, viscid paste, which is applied like gum. Glass, metal, and wood can be cemented together by it.

WE can never sustain permanently that which we do not hold in respect, and only when the value and dignity of the affections are fully realized can their culture maintain the place which it really deserves.

NO LIFE is worthy and noble that has no "must" in it—that is not ready to bow its most cherished schemes or its fondest wishes to the ever-present authority of the still small voice.

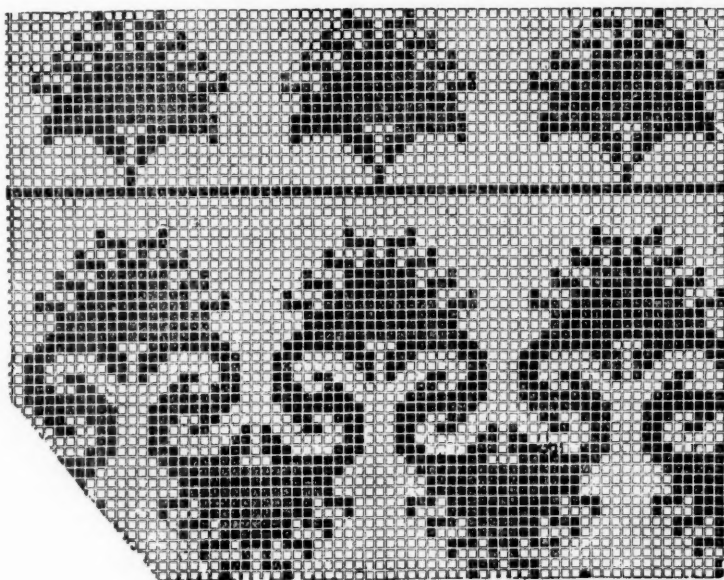
It is modesty rather than overconfidence which begets trust and reliance among intelligent and thoughtful people.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

SEWING APRON.—This apron is composed of three bands of white China silk five inches wide, with hem-stitched hems, connected by two bands of five inch-wide Valenciennes lace, and edged at the bottom with a wide lace frill to match. The top is gathered to a pointed belt of China silk folds, fastened under a lace rosette.

LAMP SHADES.—Lamp shades play a considerable part in evening arrange-

evening hour it is really delightful to chat or dream on the gently swaying rocking-chair, especially when the back forms a soft resting-place for a weary head. For the latter purpose the chair may be covered with a skin of the long-haired white Thibet sheep, which, in order to prevent folds or wrinkling, should be well fastened on. A low footstool shaped like a huge mushroom, with a group of tiny companions apparently springing up



WORKING PATTERN IN CROSS-STITCH.

ments, and are chiefly ornamented with flowers, mostly very large ones, made of the finest silk or tulle. The plan is to have a narrow frill all round the shade, and the upper part completely covered with flowers, such as roses, poppies, etc., but without leaves.

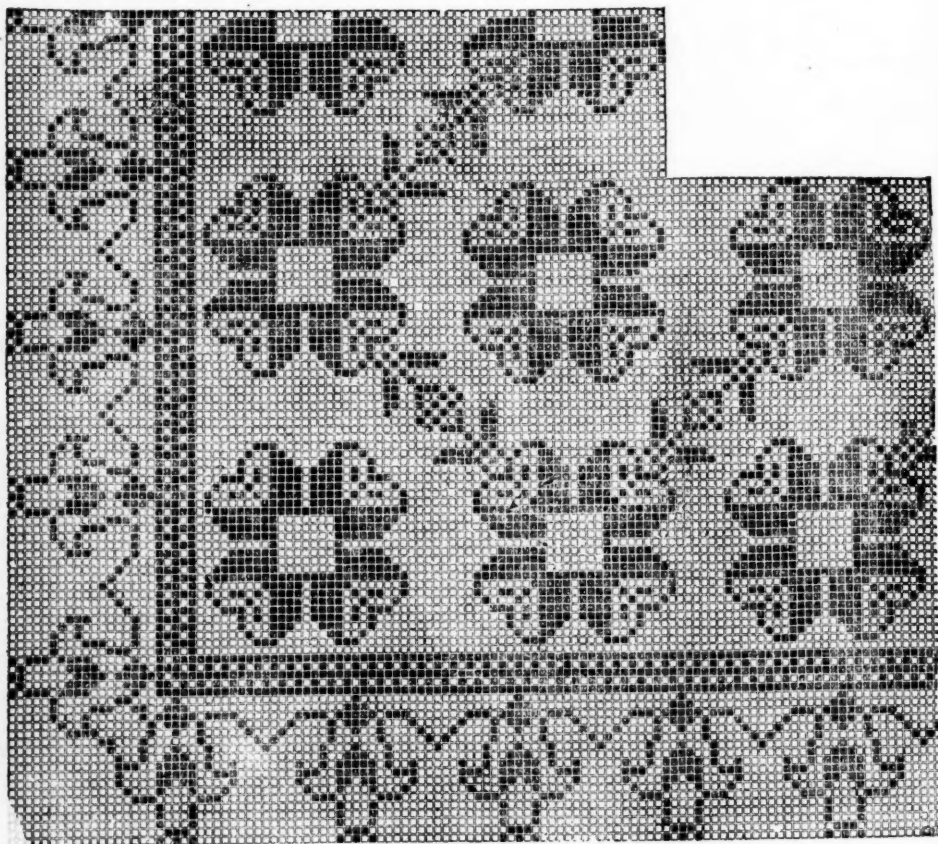
FOOTSTOOL.—How snug it is to sit near a warm fire when the wind is howling outside, and the dry leaves are whirling about on the bare ground. At such an

round the bottom, is a comfortable addition to the rocking-chair. The slightly-curved stalk of the mushroom is covered with yellowish-white velvet, and the top with pink plush. The fungi are made to spring out of a strong board, covered with green satin, puffed in imitation of the undulating woodland sward.

PINCUSHION COVER.—This cover is intended to be taken off at pleasure in the day. It is made of yellow congru^s linen,

and is six and a half inches square without the edge trimming and hem one-quarter inch wide, for which stuff must be allowed. The centre is divided into unequal squares by damask ribbon one half inch wide, figured with pale-yellow and light salmon. The smaller squares are filled up with four-cornered shapes worked

inches and seven and a half inches wide and thirteen and three-quarters inches long, and pretty thick bamboo rods give the foundation for this rack. The plush which covers the back in a sloping direction four and a half inches to six and three-quarters inches deep and lines the front part is laced in with the bamboo



WORKING PATTERN IN CROSS-STITCH FOR TEA-CLOTH.

with fine gold thread, the larger squares with an embroidery worked with cream and salmon-colored silk and gold thread in satin, outline, and cross-stitch. The outer edge is finished off with picots of thick gold thread, sewn on with yellow silk.

NEWSPAPER RACK.—Two pieces of card board each eleven and three-quarters

rods, with red and green woolen cord twisted with gold wire, holes being bored at distances of a half-inch. Similar cords and woolen pompons are twisted over the crossed ends of the rods. The two lower rods are looped together with string in place of hinges, and thus unite the front and back of the rack. Both are painted with a most effective Japanese design in gold.

DOLL WITH KNITTED DRESS.—The dress knitted with red Berlin wool in rows backward and forward, and alternately of three plain, three purl, is intended for a doll fifteen inches long. The skirt and bodice of the frock are knitted in one piece. The work is begun on the right side at the back by casting on fifty six meshes and then knitting six rows, after which six rows of only twenty-eight M. are slipped in, to make the skirt wider than the top, this being repeated at regular distances. The number of rows mentioned from this time are therefore only for the bodice. In the twenty-fourth row fifteen-sixteen M. are cast-off in going forwards for the first armhole and five shorter rows knitted; but in the last of these the failing meshes are to be cast on again, so that the sixth row can be knitted the whole length; now follow for the front part thirty-nine rows. In the fortieth row the second armhole is made exactly in the same way as the first, and thus with twenty-four rows more the left back is completed. On the shoulder three rows are sewn together, and into the closed armholes the short sleeves are crocheted; each of these requiring four rows of twenty-four-twenty five single, putting the hook through the whole upper link of each mesh. The skirt is also sewn together and finished off below with two rows of single. The back-edges of the bodice, the neck-opening, and the sleeves are crocheted round with picots each of one S. in the edge, four Ch. and one S. back into the first Ch. A row of Ch. twenty-one and three-quarter inches long with tassels is run in at the neck below the picots, and a chain twenty-nine and a half long, crocheted with double wool put through the small holes formed of the

rows slipped on where the skirt begins. For the length of the jacket thirty meshes are cast on, this being begun on the left side in front. In the twenty-seventh row sixteen meshes are cast off for the first armhole and with the remaining fourteen six short rows are to be knitted. Then follow fifty-eight rows for the length of the back, after the meshes have been completed in the seventh row by casting on afresh. The second armhole is of the same number of meshes cast off, six short rows knitted and after these, the meshes for the right front twenty-seven rows wide to be cast on afresh. On the top of each shoulder the armholes are sewn together six-eight rows wide, thirty meshes taken up for the sleeves to be crocheted round these, and their number reduced in the last thirty rows, which give the length of the sleeve to three meshes, the last rows can also be knitted somewhat tighter with finer needles. The outer edges of the jacket and sleeves are finished off with small crochet picots. The jacket is fastened with a string sixteen and a half inches long of chain with tassels. The cap is knitted on a foundation of fifty-two meshes and in twenty-seven-thirty rows, the meshes are then slipped off the needles on to a string and drawn together tight when the side edges have been sewn together. Pompons or tassels trim the crown. For each boot twenty meshes are cast on and twelve rows knitted straight up; in the following fifteen rows one mesh is to be decreased in every row at the side edges, which are sewn together afterward and give the middle of the sole, so that the last row at the end of the toe is only of five meshes. These are again strung on a piece of thread and drawn together tight.

ACTIVITY is life, stagnation is death. Keep yourself actively occupied if you want to be healthy; husband your means if you want to become wealthy. Be liberal if you want to have friends; remember that friendship is often of far greater value than gold. To achieve great success you must be courageous; a timid man is defeated at the very outset.

A WELL-PRESERVED nervous system can stand an occasional attack of righteous indignation in which considerable strong temper or passion may be manifested if time is taken to fully "cool off between the heats." It is the continual fretting, grumbling, and growling without intervals of rest that is wearing and injurious.

FASHION NOTES.



FOR spring visiting toilettes little open jackets are as popular as ever. They were made of fine dark cloth, and at present of thick woolen materials trimmed

with feathers or passementerie. The revers and sleeves in many cases are embroidered or braided in a charming manner, the style of the whole costume, how-

ever, depends principally on the vest. Very pretty chemisettes are also made for tab at the neck of passementerie guipure mounted on velvet. We have seen a par-



wearing with light jacket bodices for the evening. A dainty model is composed of spotted surah with collar, waistband, and

ticularly pretty, simple vest of pink lawn patterned with a darker color, merely tucked on each side of the invisible fasten-

ing in front, and with a turn-down collar and cravat. Sky-blue chemisettes are also great favorites with young ladies.

The open jacket and coat bodice will continue to play their part, beside the crossed bodice front and high Medici collar in the world of fashion, both for out and in door toilette.

Especially pretty tea jackets, matinees, and tea gowns are made of colored silk and velvet, with open jackets and chemisettes, silk being more in vogue than ever, and the silk department crowded to excess with lovelies in bengalines, French faille, and so forth.

Silver embroidery and silk fringe mixed with silver are much used to ornament these dainty affairs, and the silk chemisette, of the same color as the velvet jacket, is veiled with lace if of a bright hue like apricot or scarlet red, if not, it is embroidered with the same color and silver. The velvet sleeves are of an open juive shape, or fall straight and square, and open in front over a sleeve of lace.

Velvet will be used a great deal the coming spring and summer on woolen goods. China silks, and even gingham

The left-hand figure on page 246 shows a new mode of using plush or velvet for the bodice of a dress. The skirt and sleeves are made of fine gray ladies' cloth, and the bodice, cuffs, collar, etc., of a dark-gray shade. The gray cloth appears in the centre of the back, and all down this part and the back box-plait of the skirt are bars of éceru insertion, which might be replaced by black if desired; but the éceru and a shade almost dark enough to deserve the name of "twine" are very fashionable just now. The dress on the right hand is a modification of the well-known pinafore dress, and is made

in two shades of lawn, that of which the sleeve and underskirt are composed being the lighter of the two, and quite a plain material; while the darker one is slightly figured in the weaving. The trimmings, cuffs, etc., are of dark-brown velvet, diversified with *passementerie motifs*.

All the new woolen stuffs show large, wide designs, the textures are decidedly thick, warm, and strong, and the color quiet, dark, and useful. Patterns vary from large spots and very wide borders in plain colors or striped to immense plaids and wide stripes, the figured stuff being always employed with plain woolen fabrics. The striped and plaid checked materials are smooth and soft in reality but have a rough, somewhat coarse appearance, yet have a degree of originality on this account and make up well taken on the cross.

Long waists are considered fashionable, yet there is no law to prevent the natural waist being retained in its natural position; in case, however, that nature has been sparing of her benefits in this respect, and the real proportions are too short for the present demands made by fashion, artificial means may be resorted to. A longer corset must be chosen and the jupons arranged to keep the skirts low down, that they may not shorten the waist, and, above all, the bodice must be trimmed in a manner to give as much as possible the appearance of a long waist.

A very charming new winter dress is shown on page 247, being a combination of plaid woolen in shades of fawn, with here and there a line of chestnut-brown, with chestnut-brown plush. Half the bodice, the skirt panel, and the tight portions of the sleeves are of plush, and the buttons are large ones of oxidized zinc.

FINANCIAL WRECKS. Go where we will we find men who commenced life in the most favorable circumstances, but who are such complete financial wrecks that there is but little hope for their reformation. They may be honest and temperate — they may even possess natural ability of a high order, but lacking in steadiness

of purpose they have not succeeded. Had they had sufficient will-force to stick to one thing, no matter how disagreeable it might have been at first, had they been content to advance slowly, they would have no reason now to talk of the "luck" of those who have pushed forward into the front ranks.



SOME NOTES ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

IN an interesting paper on the adulteration of food, read before the AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION a few years ago, it was stated that the only way in which this great and growing evil could be effectually checked was by communicating to the people in every possible way "the most ample and exact information as to the manner in which foods are adulterated, the kinds of foods usually tampered with, and the evil effects arising therefrom." The aim of those who use adulterations is to artfully conceal their dishonest work, and it requires in most instances the best expert skill to detect the foreign or deleterious substances. It is useless to pass laws on the subject unless the people are fully aroused to the importance of having the laws executed.

Adulterations may be roughly divided into two classes:

1. Those which are simply fraudulent, but not necessarily injurious to health—the use of some cheap but wholesome ingredient with the pure article for the purpose of underselling and increasing profits, as for instance the admixture of water with milk, of peas and carrots with coffee, meal with mustard, and wheat flour with pepper.

2. Those which are injurious to health—the use of drugs or chemicals for the purpose of changing the appearance or character of the pure article, as for instance, the admixture of potash, ammonia, and acids with cocoa to give apparent smoothness and strength to imperfect and inferior preparations; the use of alum and other deleterious substances to raise and whiten bread.

In his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," Baron Liebig states that the bakers of Belgium discovered some years ago how to produce from damaged flour a bread which appeared to be made from the finest and best wheat flour; and they did it by adding to the dough sulphate of copper, a poison.

It is a curious fact that in the country from which chemically treated cocoa is now being exported, namely Holland, the adulteration of coffee with chicory was first practised. The adulteration took so well in England that subsequently a patent was taken out for a machine which moulded chicory in the shape of the coffee-berry. But that was a comparatively harmless adulteration.

The late Dr. Edmund Parkes, professor of military hygiene, and one of the highest English authorities on the subject of the adulteration of food, stated that he found the cocoa sold in England very commonly mixed with cereal grain, starches, arrow-root, sago, or potato starch, and that even brick-dust and peroxide of iron were sometimes used.

In Dr. Hassall's well-known work on "Food and its Adulteration," it is stated that out of sixty-eight samples of cocoa examined thirty-nine contained earthy coloring matter, such as redde, Venetian red, and umber.

A writer in the "Hospital Gazette" of London (Aug. 23, 1890) says: "We do not regard all adulterations as equally heinous. When, however, potent chemicals are systematically added, what words can sufficiently convey our indignation! . . . Cocoa of the most excellent quality and of absolute

purity is now to be obtained at very reasonable prices; and no purchaser need be at any loss to get an article to which the severest tests can be applied, and which will come out triumphantly from the ordeal. We were, nevertheless, positively startled, not long since, to receive a pamphlet, bearing on its front page the names of some distinguished chemists, and addressed to the medical profession, vaunting some foreign manufactured cocoas which were distinctly stated to contain a considerable addition of alkaline salts. Surely even lay readers do not need to be reminded that soda and potash cannot be taken with impunity day after day." And an English physician, in a communication to the October (1890) number of "Hygiene" states that of late years the country (England) has been "flooded with foreign cocoas contaminated with an admixture of alkali." The object of the contamination, he says, is this: "Cocoa does not give an infusion or decoction, but mixed with water is practically a soup; it is suspended, not dissolved. Now, the addition of an alkali gives rise to a soap, in plain English, much as when common soap, a compound of oil and alkalies, is mixed with water; but this alkalinized cocoa has an appearance of strength which it does not possess, and the consumer hastily assumes that he is getting far more for his money and being supplied with a much better article. . . . The recent great improvements in the preparation of cocoa, by removing the superabundant oil, have so much increased the digestibility of this nutritious beverage that the last excuse for the addition of alkalies and starch is gone, and the presence of the former, besides being deleterious, cannot answer any purpose except giving an appearance of fictitious strength to the resulting infusion, or soup."

In an article on "Cocoa and Chocolate," in the October number of the same magazine, Dr. Crespi says: "The attempt to prepare cocoa in a soluble form has tempted some foreign firms to add alkaline salts freely. These salts cannot be recommended to healthy subjects as regular articles of food."

The Birmingham (England) "Medical Review" for October, 1890, contains an ar-

ticle on "Food and its Adulterations," in which it is stated that "quite apart from any question as to the injury resulting to the human system from taking these salts it would be only right that the medical profession should resolutely discountenance the use of any and all secret preparations confessedly adulterations, and adulterations, too, of a sort not justified by any of the exigencies of the circumstances. . . . Cocoa is only to be recommended as a beverage when it is as pure as possible."

Quite recently a valuable little work on chocolate and cocoa was published in Germany. It describes, with characteristic German thoroughness, the cacao-tree, the properties of its fruit, and the various modern methods of preparing the food product for the market. In treating of "the manufacture of cocoas deprived of a portion of their oil and rendered more soluble," the writer says: "This branch of the manufacture has recently undergone a great development. Hygiene appears to demand a product which, with a diminution in the amount of oil, should be further distinguished from ordinary chocolate by its readily dissolving in water, milk, etc., thereby being much more easily appropriated by the human system. The removal of a portion of the oil ought to make it more readily assimilated by the digestive system. Starch, cellulose, and the albuminoids are of difficult solubility, and must be converted into such a form as to be readily soluble in water. This would render them easy of absorption, and increase their efficiency. In practice this end has been sought in several ways." . . . The Alkaline or Chemical process "depends on the fact that the roasted cocoa is treated with carbonate of soda, magnesia, potash, or bicarbonate of soda. * * * The cocoa of those manufacturers who employ the alkaline method is sometimes subjected to a perfectly barbarous treatment in order to secure solution by means of the alkali. For instance, the roasted cocoa-beans are boiled with an aqueous alkaline solution; the product is then dried, deprived of its oil, and afterwards ground. Or the crushed cocoa is roasted, deprived of its oil, powdered, and boiled with water containing an alkali. Both methods of treatment are in the highest degree destructive to those bodies which

are essential constituents of cocoa. It is especially the cacao-red which is attacked, and with it disappears also the aroma."

It should be added that in the manufacture of large quantities by the Alkaline or Chemical method it is difficult, if not impossible, to so regulate the heat in drying the cocoa after the chemicals are added (the material being then in a very sensitive state) as to prevent the oil from being scorched; and it is well known that burned oil or fat is wholly indigestible.

The deleterious effects of the chemicals used in such processes have been referred to in general terms; something more definite and precise on that point will be of interest.

In reply to the inquiry, What is the effect on the system, especially on the gastric mucous membrane, of small quantities of dilute alkaline liquids taken frequently and regularly (for example, for breakfast), one of the leading physicians in Boston says: "I would say that while some persons and certain conditions of the system might bear without injury dilute alkaline liquids taken at not frequent intervals, yet the great majority of persons and those with a sensitive stomach could not bear the daily use of such liquids without serious injury. It would produce gastritis, or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, of varying degree, according to the frequency and amount taken and the susceptibility of the person. This would be accompanied with many of the symptoms of dyspepsia, and if carried to any considerable extent, with

troublesome eruption of the skin, and not infrequently with serious disturbance of the functions of the kidneys. I certainly think its long continuance would be dangerous."

Dr. Sidney Ringer, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and Physician to the College Hospital, perhaps the greatest English authority on the action of drugs, states in his "Handbook of Therapeutics" that "the sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood, it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, he says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash, and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion-power, and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long, they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines."

All of WALTER BAKER & Co.'s Cocoa Preparations are guaranteed *absolutely free from all chemicals*. These preparations have stood the test of public approval for *more than one hundred years*, and are the acknowledged standard of purity and excellence. The house of WALTER BAKER & Co. has always taken a decided stand against any and all chemically-treated cocoas, and they believe that the large and increasing demand for their goods has proved that the consumer appreciates this decision.



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TRUTH. Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth, but, while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth conveyed in austere and acrimonious language seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effects by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild, affectionate friend.

DELICATE FLATTERY. Some people have the gift of pleasant deference in manner, which, though it may be acquired in some degree by study, is secure of its effect only when it arises from a sympathetic imagination. This was the secret of the late Lord Beaconsfield's extraordinary influence over the minds of others, especially of younger men. In conversation with one he used to give him the impression that it was his opinion he most desired to have—his experience he most coveted; and this idea was not conveyed

by any formal words—rather by expression of deep eye and mobile lip, by manner rather than speech. Men are easily moved by this delicate flattery; they treasure up the words and traits of such a one, and dwell lovingly upon them in after years, when perhaps he shall have passed away.

DON'T WORRY. Not one of us could have an enemy to worry us more than worry itself if allowed its worrying power. That is not a purposeless repetition of words. It is true. Unhappiness becomes a habit to one who is forever thinking whether or not content waits upon her ways. Fretful thought has more to do with discontent than all the troubles that can assail the daughters of Eve. To dwell upon a sorrow, to brood over a slight or a wrong, to describe to others one's pains and worries—these are the most fruitful sources of unhappiness. Resolutely to think of something else when troubles or bothers raise their heads and salute us—this is the only escape.

EACH one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.



A DIFFICULT TASK.